MARTIN HEIDEGGER: LANGUAGE AND THE FOUNDATIONS OF INTERPRETATION

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By

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I certify that I have read this thesis and that in my opinion it is fully adequate, in scope and quality, as a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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It is impossible to approach a work of Martin Heidegger exclusively in terms of the naturalistic and positivistic outlook prevailing in the United States today. Such a work speaks quite a different language, in both the literal and the figurative sense. It is in need of translation. The following, then, are translations of three of Heidegger's works.

A translation is fundamentally an interpretation.[1] It must express idiomatically in one medium something that is naturally stated in another. In itself it is neither the original text nor an independent work but has a peculiar intermediary status that allows it to enter the movement of history as both a transmitter to and a standard bearer for a given people.[2] In adapting a foreign work to the current mode of thought, a successful translation will act as an implicit criticism of that thought. In particular, it may raise problems that the language can bear but the prevailing conceptions cannot reconcile. Thus, by freeing the language it may force those conceptions to be reexamined.

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[1] See Hans-Georg Gadamer, Wahrheit und Methode, Grundzüge einer philosophischen Hermeneutik, 2nd ed. (Tübingen, 1965), pp. 361-367. "Jede Uebersetzung ist . . . schon Auslegung, ja man kann sagen, sie ist immer die Vollendung der Auslegung, die der Uebersetzer dem ihm vorgegebenen Wort hat angedeihen lassen." (p. 362) "Nur ein solcher Uebersetzer wird wahrhaft nachbilden, der die ihm durch den Text gezeigte Sache zur Sprache bringt, d.h. aber: eine Sprache findet, die nicht nur die seine, sondern auch die dem Original angemessene Sprache ist. Die Lage des Uebersetzers und die Lage des Interpreten ist also im Grunde die gleiche." (pp. 364-365)

[2] "Eine wesentliche Uebersetzung entspricht jeweils in einer Epoche des Seinsgeschickes der Weise, wie im Geschick des Seins eine Sprache spricht." Heidegger, Der Satz vom Grund (Pfullingen, 1957), p. 164.

At the same time, both translation and interpretation do violence to the original work, even when they do no more than uncover within it what is there unsaid and then ignore what is perhaps all too obvious and hence no longer seen. Nevertheless, the work can only do its work of opening up and revealing what it has to say if someone is prepared to enter into the text and take a stand within it. Such a stand, if it is well grounded in the text itself, is in a very special way a substantiation of the original.[3] Insofar as any kind of truth is embodied in a text, a translation or an interpretation seeks to unlock it and bring it into the open. The substantiation of a

[3] "Substantiation" is used here to convey Heidegger's Bewahrung. In "The Origin of the Work of Art" Heidegger says: "Substantiating the work means: standing in the revelation of the existant which has moved into the moment within the work. The in-stancy of the substantiation is moreover a kind of knowledge, a seeing in the broadest sense. This seeing does not consist in the mere recognition and conceptualization of some thing. Whoever truly sees the existant, knows the sense of his volition in the midst of the existant." See below, p. 141.

text should, therefore, be considered a process leading to its understanding.[4]

Sometimes what passes for understanding hardly touches the text at all. The text may be merely reorganized or rearranged in a form alleged to give it greater clarity; it may be paraphrased or transliterated; it may yield a voluminous subjective commentary or a simple emotive response. Perhaps the work may be wrongly interpreted and yet in some measure preserved for future reconsideration. Nor can we ignore the fact that a work may be substantiated to a degree when a people takes it to heart and lives in and through it without expressly understanding how or why. From the point of view of those attempting to substantiate a text, some sort of work always emerges, even when the result is in effect totally independent of its base. From the point of view of the work itself, however, that which it intrinsically represents can reveal or conceal itself only to the extent

[4] "Understanding" is of course much more than mere intellectual comprehension. Thus Heidegger generalizes: "Understanding is the existential Being of Dasein's own potentiality-for-Being; and it is so in such a way that this Being discloses in itself what its Being is capable of. . . . As a disclosure, understanding always pertains to the whole basic state of Being-in-the-world." Being and Time, trans. John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson (New York, 1962), p. 184.

that its substantiation hits home. What then does genuine substantiation involve?

When applied to a work of non-fiction, substantiation suggests a kind of verification, which in turn suggests to the modern ear the search for an empirical state of affairs to which a set of statements might refer. The truth of a work of nonfiction appears to be somehow dependent on an existing world, which is available whether or not it is described. When applied to a work of art, however, substantiation has more the character of a "concretization," whereby, according to Roman Ingarden, a work is built up from within, recreated and filled out by the reader.[5] A novel, a poem or a drama needs to be concretized, says Ingarden, because it is in itself, on certain levels at least, no more than a scheme, a potential waiting to make an appearance.[6] Only on the basis of an unfolding of its potential does a literary work of art constitute a structure extended in time.[7] Thus the truth of a literary work of art seems in large measure to depend

[5] Das literarische Kunstwerk, 2nd ed. (Tübingen, 1960), pp. 359-367. ("Das literarische Werk und seine Konkretizationen.")

[6] Ibid., p. 364.

[7] Ibid., p. 366.

on the creative imaginations of the poet and the reader, without whom it would not be available at all.

Apparently, then, our term substantiation is something of a two-sided notion. Yet our immediate difficulty in the face of any given text is this: how shall it be determined whether the work before us shall be classified as fiction or as nonfiction, and hence whether it is subject to concretization or verification? Unfortunately this is not a simple matter, as shall become evident. Meanwhile the question is prejudiced if one simply relies on certain traditional notions of exterior form.[8] Nor is it necessary to agree with an author when he states that he has written a fantasy or a scientific treatise, assuming it is indeed the author of the work who is in a position to make such a statement. Nevertheless, the reader usually has some ideas concerning the kind of text he is approaching. Thus the only thing to do is to immerse oneself in the work with both a preconceived as well as a suspended opinion of its nature and allow the work to work.

If this be the case, substantiation, as the process leading to understanding, is on the one hand either concretization or verification, depending on one's preconception of the work, and on the other hand neither concretization nor verification because it is more fundamental than either.

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[8] But see Ingarden, p. 190, where he attempts to summarize a number of differences between works of art and works of science.

It has been stated that a literary work, no matter what it claims to be, had best be approached by immersing oneself in the work with a suspended as well as a preconceived opinion of its nature. The nature of a literary work is determined by the way in which one ultimately understands its language to be working. Now, as has been indicated, this understanding is often more comprehensive and more fundamental than preconceptions alone would lead one to suspect. But in order to see why it may be possible to enter a work successfully in spite of preconceptions, some of the standard theories concerning language must be examined in greater detail and then the traditional notions of art and science must be reconsidered. On this basis suggestions will be developed which give added significance to a poetic conception of language and which place the theory of interpretation upon a new foundation.

I

According to the usual conception, language is of secondary importance in our understanding of the world. It is primarily the vehicle of commerce and communication, the means by which prior knowledge of an accepted world is transmitted. Finding himself in possession of a language, man attempts to employ it to advantage, to standardize and systematize it in such a way as to be most clearly comprehended. Language thus conceived is a tool, an instrument, to be shaped _or_ constructed for a purpose.

This way of regarding language is imbedded in the English language itself. The word "language," as tongue, takes us directly to the organs of speech, over which the human being exercises a certain control.[9] This control is explained in terms of physiological-empirical theories, which ultimately connect the utterances of man with his response to his environment. Whether these responses convey complex experiences or simple behavioristic determinations is not important; what is of concern here is the fact that along this path a metaphysics of language is reached by which language is reduced to something extra-linguistic as its underlying explanation.

[9] Heidegger, _Unterwegs zur Sprache_ (Pfullingen, 1959), p. 203.

The origin and development of language is generally considered to be co-extensive with the development of man as a separate and special species of animal. Language is that which distinguishes man from other animals.[10] With this in mind, the great question is how a particular animal such as man could ever come to take the gigantic step out of the jungle and into a complex symbolic society.[11] The usual explanations fall short of the achievement, whether they begin with humble interjections, simple onomatopoetic imitation, or a "metaphorical transference" which mysteriously utilizes given involuntary outcries to perform the entirely new task of symbolic designation.[12] Nevertheless, language does seem to be determined by the structure of the world it reflects. Thus, logical atomism sees in language the designation of discrete physical objects held together by simple relations.[13] The development of language is held to be synonymous with the correct analysis of sense data and the avoidance of emotional generalization. The actual sounds employed or symbols chosen remain arbitrary or conventional so long as the relationships are consistent and the designation rules explicit. Again, some linguists prefer to begin with a stock of monosyllabic root words, basic meaning elements which develop from a former unorganized amorphous state to more advanced stages. Combinations (agglutinations) take place which result in highly flexional languages before an analytic or isolating trend again sets in.[14]

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[10] Wilbur Marshall Urban, Language and Reality, the Philosophy of Language and the Principles of Symbolism (London and New York, 1939), p. 77.

[11] "The step to human language is first made when the pure meaningful sound achieves supremacy over the affective stimulus-born sounds and this achievement has in it the character of a unique level of being." Urban, p. 80.

[12] Ernst Cassirer, An Essay on Man, an Introduction to a Philosophy of Human Culture (New Haven and London, 1944), pp. 116-117.

Since language has its origin within an already determined world of given entities which are assumed to cooperate with and react to one another whether language is present or not, it is little wonder that the primary function of language is seen to be descriptive, pragmatic, and purposive. The way in which the effective use of language is measured must therefore be an empirical investigation of the possible correspondence of the utterance with that to which it is presumably being referred. This correspondence is heightened if in addition one imagines the whole of language as the abstract compliment to the physical world, for then it is possible not only for individual utterances to state the facts as they are, but also for language as a whole to exhibit the consistency and coherence which is so readily apparent in nature. In this way linguistic abstractions are allowed to correspond to the invisible forces of nature. Organic grammars and formal logic, mathematics and the musical harmonies of speech receive thereby an exhalted status. A pyramid of universals reaching up to the mysterious One settles down upon the vagaries of the senses. Because of their greater stability, the abstract universals lend foundation to the immediate experience, making the immediate seem tainted in comparison, until such times as their lack of concreteness leads to a loss of confidence and the naked fact again becomes supreme.

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[13] See J. O. Urmson, Philosophical Analysis, its Development between the two World Wars (Oxford, 1958), p. 54f.

[14] Cassirer, p. 128.

The panorama of philosophy begins to unfold in the above considerations. Yet for all the vast complexities of thought entailed by these assumptions, it is clear enough that any definition of truth in terms of a correspondence between language and a given world effectively begs its case. For both language and the given already reflect that correspondence in the way they are each construed. This is why such a notion of truth is basically a confirmation or verification, rather than an illumination or uncovering. The criteria of adequacy are external, derivative and self-justifying, qualities which are in keeping with the objectives of science but which intrinsically limit the development of art.[15]

But do not the same arguments that stand at the base of language philosophy also apply to art? "Art," as the ability to make something, to join or fit something together in the form of an articulated artifact, takes one back to the artisan as the ultimate creator of the work of art, thereby reducing art as well as language to a physiological-empirical theory that explains the implimentation of nature by man. This is further bolstered by an unexamined use of the Greek techne as it has come down to us in the form of technology. In the eyes of such influential thinkers as Dewey and Sir Herbert Read, works of art too are basically useful and stem from man's toolmaking capacity.[16]

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[15] In this connection, see Albert Hofstadter, Truth and Art (New York and London, 1965). Hofstadter distinguishes truth of statement, truth of things and truth of spirit, relating, respectively, to cognitive, practical, and spiritual adequacy. (p. 90.) Adequacy must not neglect what he calls rightness, measure of form, or true being. (p. 152, p. 189ff., p. 197) He defines the work of art as "the total complex volition that, deriving its occasion from the particularities of the situation, its substance from will, and its limitation from artistic understanding, is ordered and measured by spirit into a love for true being that will be satisfied only when it finds the rightness and necessity of true being in its object." (pp. 198-199.) But "The truth of art is a limited truth" (p. 210), because ultimately rightness and true being lie outside the realms of art and language, in what Hofstadter calls "the stream of real existence." (p. 212.)

Art has its roots in the arts, in skills, know-how or Kunst. Beginning with pots and arrowheads, man developed the leisure and ability to beautify his artifacts and make representations of his surroundings. These representations, together with rhythmic sounds and special incantations, soon were given new employment. They were useful in appeasing the gods or calling for rain, and thus magic, myth and art merged in the hands of wise men or priests to become instruments by means of which the community could deal with things beyond their control. Later, of course, science took over this function and art was gradually freed to become the fine arts.[17] This revolution in the arts was completed when industrial technology, fully standardized and systematized in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, threatened to reduce art to a cultural ornament, a gratuitous enrichment of life, or a mere emotive reaction to the passing scene.

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[16] "Man is first differentiated in the process of evolution by an ability to make tools," says Read, which leads him to ask, "Why, out of the shapeless chaos of sticks and stones, or out of the handy and useful objects which were the first tools of primitive man, did form progressively emerge until it surpassed the utilitarian purpose of the shaped object and became a form for the sake of form, that is to say, a work of art?" The Origins of Form in Art (New York, 1965), pp. 66-67. But note also his subsequent attempt to reconcile his position with Heidegger's, pp. 79-82.

Arguments such as these, taken in conjunction with an unlimited admiration for the efficiency of method and scientific technology, have caused many artists themselves to doubt their calling. In the face of repeated attacks, some artists tend to withdraw into an obscure personal idiom or seek an "absolute art" independent both of the world and of the understanding audience.[18] Others frankly join with their detractors; they become decorators and designers or provide entertainment and the social graces. Nevertheless, there remains a nucleus of consummate artists whose achievements are not questioned and who, in quite an unknown way, seem in their works to capture and even mold their times. And in the eyes of a few perceptive individuals, it has always been the great works of art that have accomplished this, thus forcing the conclusion that it is to art and not to science that one ultimately must go in the search for truth.

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[17] "Science itself is but a central art auxiliary to the generation and utilization of other arts." John Dewey, Art as Experience (New York, 1934), p. 26.

[18] ". . .das absolute Gedicht, das Gedicht ohne Glauben, das Gedicht ohne Hoffnung, das Gedicht an niemanden gerichtet, das Gedicht aus Worten, die Sie faszinierend montieren." Gottfried Benn, Gesammelte Werke (Wiesbaden, 1959), I, 524.

Language and art have somehow, so it seems, slipped our grasp. But how shall we resume the search? What alternatives are there to the theories outlined above, so familiar to us that we almost do not dare to let them go? But if attempts to explain art and language in terms of something else have failed, that should not discourage us from turning back again to the words and works themselves and taking them on their own terms.

Yet what words and what works can lead us to our goal? For we have already examined the words "language" and "art" and found then leading us astray. Or was it really the other way around? Did not the words "language" and "art" simply tell us that what we hold to be language and art is not language or art at all? But then, what is language if it is not the tongue? And what is art if it is not the articulation of the artifact by the artist?

Having reached a crucial point, the discussion, key to everything that follows, needs recapitulation. We took two words, followed up their implications, and came to an astonishing discovery: the choice of word that one inherits and that has long been thought to suit the purpose of discourse may, on investigation, be found to be controlling, in a totally inconspicuous way, the very assumptions which explain the circumstances of that choice, including the assumption that the circumstances themselves must antedate the word. The word, that is, will call attention, in the first instance, not to itself but to an environment, a context, in which the word itself is to be found. As long as this context is considered primary, the word will be heard in terms of it. Thus, if one thinks he is looking for "language" he will find precisely that in the context of the term. And yet, he may really be after something completely independent of the tongue, the organ which happens to be instrumental in producing human language. If one thinks he is looking for "art" he will find precisely that in the context of the term. And yet, he may really be after something other than a glorified artifact.

If in what follows we use the words "language" and "art," it is clear now that we have something else in mind for which we are still searching, but which has already begun to announce itself. It is this something else which we must try to bring out into the open.

II

Translations and interpretations do violence to words and works. Why? Translate a single word and see. Take the word "language" and render it in German. We consult a dictionary and find die Sprache. For the purposes of communication you have done your work well. But look again. Examine the word Sprache in the same way as you looked at "language" and see where it leads.

Immediately it is obvious that Sprache has nothing to do with tongues or other organs of speech. It has rather to do with speech itself. It is based directly on the act of speaking without reference to that which does the speaking. And suddenly the whole atmosphere changes. Instead of having to explain the wagging of tongues, we are up against the speaking of speech. Not a very successful translation after all, and yet in this case, a blessing in disguise, for here is a new lead in the search for language.

Language as Sprache is essentially and literally speaking (sprechen). Now the problem: What is language as speaking? Is speaking itself merely instrumental as a means of information transference or is it in some way more fundamental? That depends on what the speaking says.[19]

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[19] See "The Way to Language" below, p. 258.

If what the speaking says is already predetermined by the speaker, then language, which is essentially speaking, is never going to be able to speak for itself. Furthermore, if the speaker, in speaking, speaks empty words just in order to hear himself talk, the "language" he speaks will not even be able to speak for the speaker. On the other hand, if that which language, as speaking, says is said in such a way that the speaker for the first time hears what he is saying, then language is perhaps enabled to show what it is in its own right.

A speaker who listens to what he has to say before he speaks is in a position to gain a new respect for language. A reversal takes place. Language becomes primary and the speaker secondary, for what he says will now be determined by the saying of language itself. This does not mean that the speaker has lost control over his own speech, but rather that he will no longer use language arbitrarily or in such a way that his mishandling of language betrays itself in the kind of language traps he succeeds in falling into. These traps are all too obvious when an ignorant person stammers his way through a muddled thought, but there can also be very sophisticated traps resulting in metaphysical dead ends. When a speaker falls into these traps, he must place himself in a new relation to the saying of language.

In the light of the above remarks, it is not mystifying when a philosopher or poet claims that he does not use language to make assertions about the world or about language the way a scientist might, but rather tries to let language itself speak. Such poets and philosophers follow the lead of language by thinking out what language says.[20] But what is this saying which can be received from language? For enlightenment one must go directly to the word "saying" and see if it contains within it a clue to its own saying.

"Saying" is etymologically related to "seeing"; the relationship between the words is apparently causative, so that "to say" means "to cause to see." For philologists this constitutes a fact to be verified by various methods. For us, however, who are looking for the saying of language, this information constitutes an eye-opening hint, for it draws us into an area we have previously not considered and gives us much to think about.[21]

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[20] Thinking out what language says is not the same as a usage analysis of ordinary language. An analysis of ordinary usage is predicated on the assumption that a speaker, past or present, is always fully aware of what he says, whereas often he is merely putting together prefabricated notions with varying success. Thus ordinary usage is, for the poet, a negative starting point. The poet may however wish to capitalize on conventional usage of language by placing familiar expressions in a startling context, thus forcing usage and meaning into a new relationship.

"Saying" gives rise to a "seeing," which in turn depends on something being shown. Is not saying, then, a showing in a fundamental sense? When language says something, does it not show something as well? If words are significant, is it because they are signs for what is already known or are they not significant because they let something appear that has not been seen as yet? But what is "seen" when listening to the spoken word? Is it not the panorama of an unfolding world-view and all that it contains? These are thoughts to make us pause, yet a flood of implications sweeps us on.

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[21] In matters of philology, consult any of a number of standard works. Besides the major dictionaries such as Grimm and the *New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*, the following are useful: Kluge, *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache*; Partridge, *Origins*; Onions, *The Oxford Dictionary of English Etymology*; Grebe, *Duden Etymologie*. In addition, see J. Pokorny, *Indogermanisches Etymologisches Wörterbuch*. The reader of Heidegger's works will find many clues to his apparent obscurities in the pages of a good etymological dictionary. These clues are valuable not so much for their historical-philological validity (and indeed one finds here often mere conjectures) as for their seminal suggestiveness; it is not so much what the words meant at some other time as what they might reveal today when thought upon. The subsequent interpretations need not be any more arbitrary than the generally accepted methods of philological research, and indeed have the advantage that the words in question are not treated as objects, tokens, or evidence of sound shifts. For Heidegger on the word, see the chapter "Das Wort" in *Unterwegs zur Sprache*, pp. 219-238.

One cannot be said to be in a world if that world does not appear to him in some way. We are prone to say that the world is available to us through the senses. This is true enough. But the senses do not so much assemble sense data as find themselves drawn toward and into an assemblage which comes to light and displays itself. Sensing is finding the way to something that is present but not yet apparent.[22] This presence is concealed in the silent saying of the word, which draws the sensitive soul to it and shows him the sense implicit within it.

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[22] IE base *sent-, to go, find out, discover. (Pokorny, p. 908) For the relation of "sense" to "understanding" see Heidegger, Sein und Zeit, 10th ed. (Tübingen, 1963), p. 151. (Being and Time, p. 193.) Here the original German is far clearer than the available English translation, assuming we pay attention to the "sense" (Sinn) of the words instead of getting involved in "meaning." With Heidegger it is imperative that the fundamental historical connotations of a word be kept in mind at all times, or be allowed to develop within the context of the discussion. A translation fails if the connotations of the words block each other instead of reinforcing each other. In particular, the term "meaning" (which is, after all, akin to Meinung, "opinion") in this context effectively cancels the sense of "sense." "Sinn ist das durch Vorhabe, Vorsicht und Vorgriff strukturierte Woraufhin des Entwurfs, aus dem her etwas als etwas verständlich wird." (italics mine) Sein und Zeit, p. 151.

Once sensed, the sense of the word takes sound. In sounding the word, the seeing individual imparts his vision to his less sensitive companions, who hear his seeing as singing. Singing praises what is seen and holds it wonderful, treasuring the sight in the syllables of an entire language. For the word is not an isolated unit but the way into a world whose inner convolutions, dark places and light, reveal and conceal themselves in the ever-changing senses of the times. The language we so much take for granted is the transmitted singing of countless generations who have wandered the labyrinthian silence of a beckoning unknown, pausing here and plunging there, always following the elusive light of truth while allowing the overfamiliar to fade into forgetfulness.

The sense of the unknown continues to incense us, to provoke us and draw us out of ourselves. This is the work of the spirit in the sense of "ghost," which arouses in us a soul and thereby imparts to us its animation.[23] Thus animated we possess life for the first time.

Life is for us our existence, our getting out of ourselves into the world. Life is the wonder of being conscious of something other than ourselves, and thereby of becoming conscious of ourselves as well. In terms of the other things in our world we gain a perspective on ourselves and our immediate environment. But to reach such a vantage point, to leave the security of our familiar surroundings and follow the sense of the unknown, is a painful undertaking. Here again, pain is not a sensation received in coming into contact with known and given objects. Pain is that abrasive force which draws us out yet at the same time draws us back within ourselves, the bitter contention between living and dying which at its most intense harmonizes into the incredible phenomenon of human greatness.[24]

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[23] For a discussion of the German "Geist" as "ghost," see translator's note to "Language in the Poem," p.174 below, as well as p.205.

The fact that we are in a world at all means, then, that the showing-saying of language has already been apprehended and that we have been provided with a whole world to talk about. Human language, insofar as it talks about the world, is predicated on the existence of a world already given. It is this world which we systematically explore with the methods of modern science. But insofar as human language reflects the contending senses of its words and the inherent ambiguities of self-concealing

[24] See below, p. 209.

revelations, our world is never static and predictable, but ever changing in a movement that displays the momentous moments in the history of man.

Thus it is that human language always supercedes itself; only the arbitrary establishment of a formalized language system might possibly stand immune. Therein lies the fascination of the latter and also its dangers, for its implimentation would require first an automated man. At times one feels that such men walk among us now, who calculate the future as a projection of the given and familiar past. Yet even here the irony of language offers hope. For even time is bound within the scope of language and belies the very progress which it is made to measure. And a world which seeks to rest upon its past may fall right through it to a new beginning.

Language! We see ourselves in the very words we speak and begin perhaps to appreciate a little the reverence which in other times the word received. And yet the word itself is far from clear. How shall one grasp the word, which opens up for us the world? Is it a thing which, once perceived, delivers us its attributes? Perhaps it is a form whose content we abstract. Or could it be a verb which predicates its subject matter? As logos the word gathers together a thought and puts it in order, the thought itself giving implicit thanks to what is now apparent.[25] As dabhar the word is deed, which manifests itself as Jahveh and need only be spoken for the dynamic act to take place.[26] As mythos the word is the immediate witness of what was and is and will be, the truth itself in its many-faceted complexity.[27]

Unless it is continually renewed, the word as mythos, logos, and dabhar soon is nothing more than outmoded stories, logics and laws. Yet the word is ever present, even in languages that make little of its power. It receives again its due when its silent implications are sounded in song and thanked in thought. And so every generation turns its ear, unwillingly perhaps and yet with future gratitude, to those whose voices rise above the rest, not in a volume of invective but in the harmony of wisdom.

Now, having found in language an origin in its own right, it is time to look again for the poet and his work, and seek a similar origin in art.

[25] See the chapter "Logos" in Heidegger, Vorträge und Aufsätze (Pfullingen, 1954), pp. 207-229.

[26] Thorlief Boman, Hebrew Thought Compared with Greek, trans. Jules L. Moreau (Philadelphia, 1960), pp. 65-69.

[27] Walter F. Otto, Die Gestalt und das Sein (Darmstadt, 1955), p. 66ff; also Ernesto Grassi, Kunst und Mythos, Rowohlts deutsche Enzyklopädie, No. 36 (Hamburg, 1957), p. 80f, who makes use of the same material.

III

The world as we know it is the world that language gives us. In finding ourselves within a language we find ourselves within a world.[28] Here "finding oneself" has a double significance. For in one sense we come upon ourselves as already defined within a given cultural milieu to which we must to some extent adapt, while in another sense we find ourselves only if we set out upon a long search to determine what we are.

Looking more closely at the word, one sees "find" (IE. *pent-) as a verb of motion. It means to go along a way.[29] Such a way, once established, becomes a bridge, and the word "find" has its linguistic counterpart in the Latin pons. But who is the adventurer who undertakes to build the bridge over which we cross from the world in which we happen to be into the world in which we belong?

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[28] See Heidegger's discussion of "Befindlichkeit" in Sein und Zeit, p. 134f. Again, Macquarrie's translation "state-of-mind" is rather unfortunate.

[29] Pokorny, pp, 808-809. Thus "finding," "sensing" and "going along a way" are all to be considered as movements toward understanding; they are "existential" in that man thereby moves out from himself in order to take a stand in the world. It is from this point of view that Heidegger can talk about "Da-sein als Befindlichkeit" and "Da-sein als Verstehen" in Sein und Zeit. Of paramount importance to Heidegger thereafter is the notion that the existential movements of "Dasein" can only take place in response to a potential opening up of "Sein." But this potential opening up of "Sein" is what he later means by "Saying." The response to "Saying" is the movement which bespeaks the historical odyssey of man, and therefore expresses itself in the languages of man. In this connection, see also the essay "The Way to Language" below.

An adventurer forsakes the stability of his inherited surroundings and ventures beyond the safe bounds of the ordinary. He is a wanderer who sets out upon a journey in areas never before traveled by man. Yet the voyage is not senseless and devoid of direction, but the response to certain original indications, hints from afar with imports still to be realized. Not all such voyages take place on land or sea. There are those who answer the call by wandering through language. They are the ones for whom language is the source of the strange and surprising insights which place the world in perspective and prepare the ground for new moments in history.[30]

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[30] Otto Pöggeler quotes the following lines from Heidegger's unpublished Beiträge zur Philosophie (1936-38): "Wenn die Götter die Erde rufen und im Ruf eine Welt widerhallt und so der Ruf aufklingt als Da-Sein des Menschen--dann ist Sprache--als geschichtliches-Geschichte gründendes Wort." Der Denkweg Martin Heideggers (Pfullingen, 1963), p. 280.

The voyager in language manages to move without moving in the accepted sense from place to place in time.[31] Thus he can be in several places at once, or rather, he can be suspended within several linguistic structures at once, structures which alternatively reveal and conceal each other, depending on how he looks at them. He recognizes that language houses both the known and the unknown, that language is intrinsically manifold and complex, ambiguous and multi-significant.[32]

In the everyday world one often seeks to avoid the complexities of language by delimiting or ignoring much of what language has to offer. Superficial clarity is achieved by an appeal to definitions which may be no more than equivalent equivocations, yet give the appearance of eliminating confusion. Tacit agreement on a standard terminology serves as a refuge from bewilderment and allows one to discourse confidently within a certain field. Yet what appears to be true within that field is always in jeopardy, for the suppressed potential in the words themselves continually cause them to evoke the unexpected, to which one may or may not be receptive.

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[31] The poet Hölderlin, for example, was able to journey to the Caucasus and to Greece without ever leaving his native Swabia. E. M. Butler quotes the following words of Hölderlin: "From my early youth I was happier on the shores of Ionia and Attica and the beautiful islands of the Archipelagus than anywhere else; and it was one of my dearest dreams to go there in reality one day and visit the holy shrine of youthful humanity. Greece was my first love, and shall I say that she will be my last?" _The Tyranny of Greece over Germany_ (Boston, 1958), p. 215. Yet for the significance of the journey, see the hymn "Die Wanderung": ". . .und nur, euch einzuladen,/Bin ich zu euch, ihr Grazian Griechenlands,/ Ihr Himmelstöchter, gegangen,/ Dass, wenn die Reise zu weit nicht ist,/ Zu uns ihr kommet, ihr Holden!"

[32] On the essential multi-significance of poetic language, see below, p. 228f. On ambiguity resulting from the piecemeal acceptance of other people's opinions, see _Sein und Zeit_, p. 173f. (_Being and Time_, p. 217f.)

While man concentrates on securing what he supposes to be the known, in order to extract from it its practical benefits, he senses that the unknown is all around him in concealment. It is both present to him and hidden from him in the language he speaks.[33] The unknown supports the world he knows while at the same time it threatens to supplant it; it is both its source and its ultimate replacement. Man is attracted as well as repelled by the unknown. This fascination, which involves a near and far incommensurable with modern parameter notions of time and space, expresses itself in man's wrangling with language.[34]

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[33] ". . .there is a 'not' in every word, behind which Being, with all its inexhaustible wealth, retreats. This constitutes the domain of the un-said, immanent in everything that is said. But the un-said is not nothing. It is the hidden wealth of the said. It is the noiseless voice that speaks within the words to which we attend, constituting the said as such." William J. Richardson, Heidegger: Through Phenomenology to Thought (The Hague, 1963), p. 609.

Keeping in mind that language holds and protects what is hidden and silent as well as what is visible and spoken, Heidegger has called language "the house of Being."[35] "House" is not thought as a construction. Rather, it brings with it a variety of associations involving containment. Philologists recognize here a family of words based in a common root, IE. *(s)qeu-.[36] Thus "house" is akin to "hut" and "hat." Insofar as "house" is a protective housing, it is connected with the German *Hut* (shelter, protection). When a supply is stored away or kept in reserve it constitutes a "hoard." German harvests are laid up in a *Scheune* or *Scheuer* (barn). The world is covered by the "sky." Coverings generally "obscure" or "hide," as well as contain; the body itself is covered with a "hide," which is found again in the Latin cutis, the Greek skutos (skin) and kutos, a vase, pot or skin for carrying. All these words are etymologically related.

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[34] See *Unterwegs zur Sprache*, p. 209ff. "Das Wesende der Nähe ist nicht der Abstand, sondern die Be-wëgung des Gegen-einander-über der Gegenden des Weltgeviertes." (p. 211)

[35] "Die Sprache ist das Haus des Seins. In ihrer Behausung wohnt der Mensch. Die Denkenden und Dichtenden sind die Wächter dieser Behausung. Ihr Wachen ist das Vollbringen der Offenbarkeit des Seins, insofern sie diese durch ihr Sagen zur Sprache bringen und in der Sprache aufbewahren." *Ueber den Humanismus* (Frankfurt A.M., 1947), p. 5. See also *Unterwegs zur Sprache*, pp. 117-118.

[36] Pokorny, pp. 951-953.

In talking of the house of Being one has to do chiefly with concealments, secret places, storage places and even the abyss (Greek keuthmon). Yet this house is not merely a mechanical container, but one which can conceive and bear fruit (Greek kuo, kueo). Indeed, language is the house of Being because language contains the fullness of Being and can be made to deliver. But insofar as man makes language deliver itself of the multiple aspects of Being, he also delivers up aspects of himself. Thus man takes up residence within language in a twofold way. As the spokesman of language, man acts to disclose whatever there is in Being, but the way in which he does this in turn discloses him as what he is. The simultaneous delivery of man and Being determines the relationship which shape historical man and the existants of his world, relationships which draw up time and space as historical moments and movements.[37]

But how shall language be made to deliver? Language that is forced leads to distortion. Language that is devised or arranged to perform a particular task will accomplish little else. Language cannot be approached circumspectly without evading the issue. And passivity will gain nothing at all. But there is another way in which language can be made to deliver, and this is by making oneself available to receive by making room for what has hitherto been excluded.[38] Such a maker must give up in order to get, must sacrifice in order to construct, must drop much he holds dear in order to answer and respond to the demands of language. But are we not construing "making" here in a way that harks back to long neglected aspects of the Greek poiein, and is not such a maker a poet?

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[37] The many suggestive overtones of the phrase "Haus des Seins" have not been systematically explored by Heidegger, but hints abound. One example: "Das Denken baut am Haus des Seins, als welche die Fuge des Seins je geschickhaft das Wesen des Menschen in das Wohnen in der Wahrheit des Seins verfügt. Dieses Wohnen ist das Wesen des 'In-der-Welt-seins.'" (*Ueber den Humanismus*, p. 42.) "Bauen" does not merely mean "building"; it has to do with tilling, cultivating and residing (Wohnen), and ultimately goes much further. Thus Kluge on "bauen": "Die Wurzel ist idg. *bhū, als deren Grundbedeutung nach ind. bhū, gr. φύω, lat. fui (futurus) usw. 'sein, werden, entstehen, erzeugen' zu gelten hat." (p. 56) There is a direct connection here with Greek *physis*. In what follows, "making language deliver" is a variation on "Bauen am Haus des Seins."

[38] See John M. Anderson's Introduction to Heidegger, *Discourse on Thinking* (New York, 1966), pp. 25-26, for a discussion of releasement (*Gelassenheit*).

Let us understand "poet" in its widest sense as meaning anyone who elicites from language its secrets, uncovers its concealments and holds them in the open, in whatever way and in whatever medium. The poet, then, is much more than a "mere" artist, and poetry too is thought "in so broad a sense and at the same time in such intimate essential unity with language and the word that it must remain open whether art in all its modes, from architecture to the literary arts, exhausts the essence of poetry."[39] The poet is one who allows an inception, a new beginning, to which he gives himself over and toward which he leads the way. Here is poiein as begetting, producing, letting come to pass, and setting forth, not as a part-time occupation but as a way of life.

It is interesting to note that the notion of begetting also lies at the root of the Greek techne. Techne derives by way of tekein from tikto, which has the basic sense of "to bring into the world," both as begetting (Latin gignere) and as making visible (Latin parere). The poet is a *technites*, an artist, because he brings forth and makes visible the unknown.[40] Such a bringing forth is what we call "creation," and once again we find a word which has to do with begetting and growing, as seen in the related name of the Roman goddess "Ceres." In German, the sense of the Latin *creare* is carried by the nonrelated word *schaffen*, while ~~a~~ variant, *schöpfen*, was adapted to the Latin *haurire* (Greek ‘*aruo*), which means bringing forth by drawing up, as water is drawn up out of a well.

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[39] "Origin" below, p. 153.

When the terms current for the creative process are juxtaposed and given some thought, one notices their startling and hardly coincidental reciprocity, and a convergence appears. It is but a step to recognize *physis*, the earth, as the source from which the poet draws up and begets his "creations." Dark and mysterious, not at all the natural order which we blithely call our physics, *physis* is the origin and the end, the womb and the grave of every existant.[41] It is the ground in which and upon which our world and all its contents is set.

[40] See *Vorträge und Aufsätze*, p. 42, p. 160. Also "Origin," p. 127f.

[41] For a comprehensive account of *physis* in relation to Heidegger's philosophy, see the chapter "Earth" in Vincent Vycinas, *Earth and Gods, An Introduction to the Philosophy of Martin Heidegger* (The Hague, 1961), pp. 132-173.

Creation is not the *ex nihilo* invention of the genius. Creation is not solely, nor even primarily, the work of man, although he has his part to play. Nor is the creative process without risk. It demands an investment, without guaranteeing something in return; it demands great effort and a certain blind faith. But if creation has its charismatic side, if man contributes to rather than inaugurates the creative process, then man must be willing to throw himself open to developments beyond his immediate control.[42] The would-be poet must prepare himself and and attune himself to something not of his own fabrication. At first he may pay homage to the great poets who came before him ; he may become their disciple and in this way acquire the requisite skills for his task.[43] But gradually he will have to confront the unknown on his own, and he alone will have to live a reality that is still beyond the imagination of other men.

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[42] It is in throwing himself open in this way that man can be said to live symbolically, in the literal sense of the word. Gabriel Vahanian notes that "the power of the symbol does not come from its own capacity to point to that which is symbolized but lies in its capacity to receive, like a receptacle, and to communicate or mediate that which is symbolized. . . The Word cannot be extracted from the words of man; it can only take flesh in them in the same way that God 'dwells' in the Ark of the Covenant, and that happens through no merit either of the words or of the Ark, for their efficacy is charismatic." *Wait Without Idols* (New York, 1964), pp. 213-214.

The true poet does not imitate the world as it is already known to us, but descends through that world into the depths of earth and tries to bring to light, in ways that we might understand, wonders which we have never heard or seen ourselves. The language of the poet proclaims the new in terms of the old. Insofar as these new sounds are heard within the old, what-is-to-be is drawn up out of the silence. It asserts itself into the open and tries to force what-has-been to withdraw. But in turn the latter draws itself around and through the former, adapting it and making it conform. The ensuing tensions draw upon one another and bring forth an emergent outline. What comes to light in the process defines itself for the first time, and for a particular time in history, as something existing.[44] The unique emergent existant thus delineated takes its place in the open world while at the same time remaining grounded in the unknown.

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[43] "Suppose we try, now, to construct the figure of a poet, a possible poet. He cannot be a charioteer traversing vacant space, however ethereal. He must have lived all of the last two thousand years, and longer, and he must have instructed himself, as best he could, as he went along." Wallace Stevens, *The Necessary Angel, Essays on Reality and the Imagination* (New York, 1951), p. 23.

In the creative process, a setting takes place which sets down as well as sets forth, which builds up as well as turns out. The revelations and concealments, the interweaving of the old and the new, of earth and world, of the known and the unknown, give rise to a Gestalt, that complex harmony of ever-changing tensions that constitutes the configuration of the work of art. But those very disclosures and disquises which find their stability in the configuration are the various perspectives of truth in the Greek sense of aletheia (unconcealment).

In the poetic work as a creation, truth is intrenched and made operative at one and the same time, or to put it another way, the composition of the poetic work is the setting-into-work of truth. Poetic composition (Dichtung) is thought here as the essence of art.[45] Art, poetry, the setting-into-work of truth, can never be adequately grasped in terms of a subjective-objective relationship between man and nature or similar metaphysical relationships, for the complex one calls "man in relation to his world" is continually being worked out and set forth in ways that overrun such definitions. Thus, as with language, one slowly comes to see art as an origin in terms of which man must find his bearings. Man is one of the participants in the poetic composition that is the incorporation and interrelation of man and the gods, earth and the world. Insofar as any particular man realizes his participation, he may be said to be a poet.

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[44] See "Origin" below, p. 132.

[45] Again, let it be emphasized that poetic composition is thought along much broader lines than the writing of poetry as a specialized activity. Concerning the equation of poetry with "the setting-into-work of truth," see "Origin," pp. 153-154. Concerning the intentional ambiguities of the phrase "the setting-into-work of truth," see the postscript to "Origin," pp. 171-172.

We began by seeking the wanderer who would help us find ourselves within language and came across him only after he himself had become poetically receptive to the movements of truth. Thus the wanderer is found to be the poet, who is a poet because he is able to bring his world into creative contention with the earth. The poet unearths the unexpected, the uncomfortable and the splendid in the unknown, the forgotten and the familiar, but he does not do this in a causal or genetic way. Rather, he sees and he sacrifices, he praises and he celebrates, letting what has always been in darkness come to light in its own way and with its own brilliance, a brilliance which shines with that sheen the German language calls Schönheit--beauty.

The poet as poet is essentially a go-between, the indispensible dispensible, who, in mediating the ever-changing truth, epitomizes the farmer tending his crops, the martyr serving his god, the thinker thinking his thoughts, the statesman interpreting his laws . . . or, in the highest sense, the human being living his life. For in every case there is something brought forth, some realization which contributes to the founding of an historic community. There are times when a large segment of mankind forgets to live poetically, when an age seems fragmented and unfounded. In those times the poet faces his greatest test; he stands in danger of becoming paralysed by losing confidence in a language cut off from its roots.[46] But the responsibility to live poetically cannot rest solely with the dedicated poet; he merely shows the way. Without support his efforts are in vain and he too will fail. Whether at any time a non-poetic man can again find himself within language depends on whether he is again willing to take up and substantiate the truths held ready for him in the works of art he has so long neglected.

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[46] It is just such a loss of confidence in language which constitutes the theme of Hofmannsthal's play, Der Schwierige, and which causes the young Philipp Lord Chandos to give up writing in Hofmannsthal's "Ein Brief," Gesammelte Werke: Prosa II (Frankfurt am Main, 1959), pp. 7-20.

Ultimately, man's relationship to art determines every other relationship to his world. It determines how he thinks. It determines his attitude toward the nourishment he receives. It determines the way he sets down his laws. It determines his way of receiving or ignoring the gods. It determines his approach to life itself. The example of the poet should therefore be able to serve as a guide-line as we ask again what it means to inquire, interpret and substantiate.

IV

The inquiry after something is responsive; it bespeaks the fact that one has already been spoken to and that one seeks to say what it is that has been encountered. Only after one has finished an inquiry does he have a clear notion of what he has been pursuing, yet this something is already there from the beginning or it would not have called itself to his attention: one does not begin an inquiry blindly and without call. Thus any inquiry enters as it were a circle and moves back and forth within it, a circle in which one may know that one is after something without knowing what it is.[47]

This circle constitutes the horizon of the hermeneutic process. The expression "hermeneutic" is derived from the Greek verb *hermeneuein*, which in turn is based on the noun *hermeneus*. According to Heidegger, a play of thought immediately associates *hermeneus* with the name of the god Hermes. "Hermes is the messenger of the gods. He conveys the tidings of fate; hermeneuein is the expositing that makes something known insofar as it is able to heed the tidings." Thus, "it becomes clear that the hermeneutic process does not begin as interpretation, but has to do in a more fundamental way with the fact that tidings have been conveyed that are to be made known."[48]

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[47] "Essential thinking looks to the slow signs of the incalculable and sees in this the unforeseeable coming of the ineluctable. . .. Obedient to the voice of Being, thought seeks the Word through which the truth of Being may be expressed. Only when the language of historical man is born of the Word does it ring true. But if it does ring true, then the testimony of the soundless voice of hidden springs lures it ever on." Postscript to Heidegger's "What is Metaphysics?" in Werner Brock, *Existence and Being* (Chicago, 1949), p. 391. (English translation by R. F. C. Hull and Alan Crick.)

Drawn within the bounds of the hermeneutic circle, one tries to find his way around in a region in which there are as yet no clearly marked paths but only openings and closings, yieldings and resistances. A field is staked out and must now be allowed to show itself for what it is. Once the area has begun to define itself, it is set for settling or open to interpretation in the usual sense. But it may subsequently conceal itself again when the paths are too easy to follow or the field, sterilized and overworked, fails to produce anything more.

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[48] Unterwegs zur Sprache, pp. 121-122, my translation. Compare the translation and discussion of these passages in the chapter "Hermeneutic since Barth" by James M. Robinson in The New Hermeneutic, ed. James M. Robinson and John B. Cobb, Jr. (New York, 1964), pp. 45-46. See also Gadamer, Wahrheit und Methode, p. 277, as well as his comprehensive account of the historical and philosophical background to hermeneutic, pp. 162-250.

There is something seasonal in such a way of speaking, and a tendency to think in terms of clearing, sowing, growing, harvesting, and letting lie fallow. So too Nietzsche speaks of "Thoughts out of Season" and Trakl writes poems entitled "A Winter's Eve," "Springtime of the Soul," "Decline of Summer," and "Harvest Soul." Landscapes by van Gogh are called "The Sower," "The Reaper," and "The Harvest," and Heidegger himself talks of "Timber Tracks." Are these, the themes of works throughout the ages, all metaphors or even symbols? Or do we touch here upon something more basic?

Is not what is called the field of inquiry, the encountered region, the universe of discourse, or the area within the hermeneutic circle potentially the same as that which is at work and works itself out within the work of art? Is not the work of an original thinker potentially similar in scope with the work of an original artist? Does not thought (denken) "see to it that something appears in the light" in fundamentally the same way as poetry (dichten) "sets into work"?[49]

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[49] Both quotes are from Kluge, Etymologisches Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache (p. 127, p. 131) and indicate once again how useful this source is for an understanding of Heidegger's language.

Both poetry and thought are ways in which "truth intrenches itself within the existant which it has disclosed."[50] What the work reveals and presents for interpretation is already the working out and setting forth of fateful tidings. As such, "the work as work belongs solely in that realm which is opened up by the work itself."[51] But, in making the truth it embodies available for the first time, the work offers up that truth (itself a contention of known and unknown, concealment and unconcealment) to the truth criteria of interpretation.

And now one knows why it was said a while ago that the substantiation of a work may begin with certain presuppositions but must also be able to suspend those ideas if it is to grasp the work in its own terms. Not only presuppositions as to the kind of work it is, but also methods of criticism and investigation must not be allowed to eclipse the work. This does not mean that methods have no place. But methods are primarily ends and not beginnings; as roadmaps brought back from prior explorations, they represent ways of operating within a given field, but carry no built-in guarantee of transferability to other areas. Those who follow them too closely will stick always to the beaten path and see only what has already been seen. They will usually be at a loss when they must find something on their own.

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[50] "Origin," p. 131.

[51] "Origin," p. 96.

Yet how shall one prepare to interpret without methods, to explore a work without ways, to make one's own way and thus in effect know what one has reached only after reaching it? The pedagogical problem is self-evident. One can show someone what others have done, or one can give someone methods to follow, but many a professor has been driven to despair trying to get students to take an independent critical approach. Note the difficulties raised by the fact that certain areas of study are disciplined and formalized, others seemingly undisciplined and certainly unformalized. There is often a feeling among those engaged in the humanities that the sciences look better organized, and that prospective scientists are better adjusted. And so the former seek to emulate the latter and better organization becomes the watchword. The formal sciences require the teaching of a formalized discourse, a formal language. The practical arts--medicine, politics and law--require a technical jargon. Everyday activities require a conventionalized language, one designed to direct community traffic. All these essentially non-poetic languages have been created to perform utilitarian functions and therein lies their validity, but only non-poetic man would seek to make that validity absolute.

Of course, our civilization is built upon the premise that man can organize his world and that to do so man can and must organize and control his language. It is of fundamental importance to modern man that he be able to use his language as well as let himself be used by it. And it is clear that in this way modern man has gained many advantages for himself which he would be loath to give up. With this there is no quarrel.[52] Nevertheless, just because of man's achievements, he soon reaches the point where he upsets the delicate balance between using and being used by language. Rather than moving with and through language in an ever-changing world, man desires to keep the world of the moment and make it permanent. Always present is the temptation to make stability an end in itself, to acquire the ultimate methodology, to step over and outside of language and at the same time cut off from its source the world which language has already given us.

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[52] See Discourse on Thinking, p. 53-54, for a clear statement by Heidegger on the relationship between man and the machinery of technology: "It would be foolish to attack technology blindly. . .. We depend on technical devices; they even challenge us to ever greater advances. But suddenly and unaware we find ourselves so firmly shackled to these technical devices that we fall in bondage to them. Still we can act otherwise. . .."

Whenever the predominant concern of man is the achievement in the world of stability for its own sake, language as a creative force becomes suspect. Such a stability is often politically motivated, but it may be desireable for the furtherance of a religion, a technology, a literary school or any other established cause. In all instances, it is necessary to make language impotent in order to succeed. One tries to control and restrict meanings, one tries to combat alien ways of speaking by branding them irrelevant and meaningless, one goes so far as to use language to annihilate itself by employing constant repetition, slogans, emotional torrents, or cold and calculated sophistry. Hypnotic chanting is advocated to the exclusion of poetry and blind allegiance to the canons of dogma replace the truly searching thought. In the end, stabilization yields to standardization. Whether the result is suppression or complacency matters little, for in either case the world as given is soon isolated, unable or unwilling to admit anything beyond itself, including its own origin.

But cannot the same charge of formalization be leveled against poetry as well? Does not the student of poetry encounter set forms of rhythm and rhyme, of stanzas and standards, of figures of speech and matters of style? Of course; yet it is not poetry which sets such requirements. While it is clear that poetry has certain conventions of its own, it might be suggestive to ask if such conventions of themselves constitute poetry. They may well be mere conveniences, on the one hand for the study or criticism of poetry, on the other hand for the production of poetic or pseudo-poetic works in accordance with established and accepted patterns. Genuine poetry, though it may make use of any convention, convenience, jargon or even formalized language, at the same time transcends all of these, in that they rest in it and not it in them.[53]

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[53] For an indication that the rhythm of a poem is not merely a formal element but wells up out of the very source of the poem, see "Language in the Poem" below, p. 176. As for the question whether poetic language is truly different from utilitarian prose, the following quote from Schelling's Philosophie der Kunst makes provocative reading: "Ohnehin ist alle Poesie in ihrem Ursprung für das Hören gedichtet, sie sei nun lyrisch oder episch oder dramatisch. Die Begeisterung erscheint hier am unmittelbarsten als Inspiration, die den davon Ergriffenen nicht an äussere Zwecke denken lässt. Nur hörend auf die Stimme des Gottes bewegt er sich gleichsam ausserhalb der gemeinen Gesetzmässigkeit, verwegen und doch sicher und leicht. Es ist nur ein Vorurteil, dass die Poesie in keiner andern Sprache zu reden habe, als welche auch in der Prosa gebrauchlich ist." Sammtliche Werke, ed. K.F.A. Schelling (Stuttgart und Augsburg, 1856-61), I, V, 637-638.

Thus the general inadequacy of style studies, of formal poetic categories, of prescriptive or descriptive poetics, when it comes to laying the foundation for poetry. Such efforts are no doubt useful and provide helpful preliminary tools for the investigation of poetry, but they too are based on existing poetry and poetry is not based on them. Poetry somehow refuses to be bound by poetics; no matter how strict or liberal the theory, the works themselves slip through and go their own way. The theories work best on less successful works, derivative works or works which strive to illustrate the very theory which is supposed to elucidate them.

All this should lead to an appreciation of the kind of thinking that makes its own way into regions not yet opened up, and the kind of poetry which does not comply rigidly with the requirements of a poetic. Insofar as either is viewed in terms of a pre-established methodology, they will yield only whatever preconceptions can be read out of them. This may indeed be a considerable achievement in itself, but the essential saying of the works is thereby still to be uncovered. On the other hand, there is an element of genuine poetry in all works of language, from the most formalized or the most banal to the most intensely creative. It is there whether or not the speaker or writer is aware of it. This element is that which is thought-worthy within the work.

Insofar as any work of language beckons the ear of a discriminating reader-listener, it will contain implications that must be explicated. But any attempt at explication involves the explicator further and further in the work, and thus in the display of language that gives rise to the work.[54] This involvement in turn evolves a series of expressions that constitute what the work has to say for the explicator. The way he expresses himself indicates the way in which that saying becomes a part of his world. The total effect can be great or small, depending of course both on the work and on the reader-listener.

It is interesting to note that the interrelationship between the explicator and his text begins to define itself in much the same way as that between the originating artist and language as the house of Being. For as the artist or thinker prepares to enter language and take a stand within it, so the reader-listener is prepared to enter into the text and substantiate it. What results in the first instance as a work in the most general sense is in the second instance an interpretation.

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[54] Implication, explication, display, and reply are thoroughly discussed in "The Way to Language" below, p. 270ff.

The poet descends into the earth, the thinker heeds the tidings of heaven, the substantiator stands in the revelation of the existant which has moved into the moment within the work. Thus it is that the world-to-be is forecast and ultimately put into practice. If man ever moves beyond himself, he does so in terms of initial forebodings, the beginnings of a quest. Yet in the end the stand he takes and the sounds he makes only serve to illuminate his point of departure. This is a circle perhaps, but a circle of significance.[55] It is the working out of man's destiny in terms of an existence which moves out of the darkness into the light and out of the infinite into the definite present.

This movement is one which every man must undertake for himself. But he need not undertake it alone. For the quest can be shared, not for the purpose of dividing the labor, but in the spirit of mutual involvement. Such a spirit takes many forms, and two of the most important have to do with love and dialogue. Here, however, let one last word suffice.

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[55] It is this circle that stands as a leitmotif in T.S. Eliot's "East Coker" in the motto: "In my beginning is my end. In my end is my beginning," to which he returns in "Little Gidding," section V. "We shall not cease from exploration/ And the end of all our exploring/ Will be to arrive where we started/ And know the place for the first time."

In the dialogue between a poet and a thinker and in the love which the attentive reader extends to his text can be found examples of a genuine desire by men to work together in the uncovering of truth. When, out of their association, an ever richer language ensues, it is because through them an initial silence has been broken and words have begun to convey what once no man could communicate. In this way a culture may come into its own, as literature and philosophy and an enlightened public draw new life into dead and broken phrases and let them speak once again. As an illustration of these remarks, we might do well to read the following essays by Heidegger, for in them he desires nothing more than to take a dedicated step toward a renewed appreciation of the thinking-poetic-creative act which finds its source in the language of Being.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORK OF ART[1]

Origin means for us that from which and by means of which something is what it is and the way it is. We call what something is, and the way it is, its essence. The origin of something is the source of its essence. The inquiry after the origin of the work of art asks where its essence comes from. According to the usual preconception, the work arises out of and by means of the activity of the artist. But how comes the artist to be what he is? Through the work; for the saying that the work brings honor to its master means that the work for the first time allows the artist to come forth as a master of his art. The artist is the origin of the work. The work is the origin of the artist. Neither is without the other. Yet neither sustains the other all by itself. In every case artist and work are in themselves and in their various relations to one another only in terms of a third, primary element, which indeed gives the artist and the work of art their names. This primary term is art itself.

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[1] The first version of the present treatise took the form of a lecture which was delivered on the 13th of November, 1935, to the Aesthetics Society in Freiburg i. Br. and repeated in Zürich in January, 1936, at the invitation of the student body. Holzwege contains the text of the three lectures given on the 17th and 24th of November and the 4th of December, 1936, at the Free German Academy in Frankfurt a. M. The epilogue was in part written later. The special edition of the text from Holzwege published by Philipp Reclam Jun. (Stuttgart, 1960) was checked by the author and contains in addition a Postscript, written in 1956, which comments on several key terms. (There is also a useful introduction by H.-G. Gadamer.)

Necessary as the artist is to the origin of the work, and the work in a different way to the origin of the artist, all the more certain is it that art, in yet another way, is the origin of both the artist and the work. But is it possible for art to be an origin at all? Where and in what way is there art? Nowadays art has become merely a word to which nothing actual and working corresponds. It acts perhaps as a category designation under which we subsume what alone remains working and actual with respect to art: the work and the artist. Even if the word "art" were to signify more than a category, whatever it meant could only be on the basis of the working actuality of works and artists. Or is just the opposite the case? Are there, after all, works and artists only insofar as there is art as their origin?

Whatever the final decision, the inquiry after the origin of the work of art becomes an inquiry after the essence of art. Although the question whether art as such is at all and in what way it is must remain open, we shall nevertheless try to find its essence in a place where nobody doubts that art actually holds sway. Art is essentially oriented in the work of art. But what is a work of art and in what way is it?

What art is should be accessible in the work. What the work of art may be we can only experience in terms of the essence of art. Everybody will quickly see that we are moving in a circle. Normally the understanding demands that this circle be avoided because it is an offense against logic. According to the general opinion, we can gather what art is by means of a comparative observation of available works of art. But how can we be certain that we have in fact based our observations on works of art if we do not already know what art is? But whereas the essence of art cannot be determined by means of a collection of characteristics from available works of art, it is no easier to derive this essence from first principles, for any such derivation must also have formulated in advance those definitions which guarantee that what we already hold to be a work of art will be delivered to us as such. It is impossible under the circumstances either to glean works from among given entities or to derive them from first principles, and in practice such methods betray a self-deception.

Hence we must walk the circular path. This need not be looked upon as an emergency measure or as a shortcoming.

To set foot on such a path is the strength of thought, and to remain on this path its affirmation, assuming that thinking is a course to follow and a trade. Not only does the major step from work to art form a circle when taken as the step from art to work, but each lesser step which we shall attempt forms circles within this circle.

In order to find the essence of art at work within the work, we shall look for the work itself and ask the work what it is and in what way it is.

Works of art are known to everyone. Architectural and pictorial works grace public squares, churches and residences. Works of art representative of the most diverse times and peoples are housed in collections and exhibits. If we look upon the works directly in their pristine state and avoid prejudging the issue, it becomes clear that such works are as naturally available as any thing. The picture hangs on the wall like a hunting rifle or a hat. A painting--for example, the one by Van Gogh which shows a pair of peasant shoes--wanders from one exhibition to another. The works are shipped like coal out of the Ruhr valley and like lumber out of the Black Forest. During the campaigns, Hölderlin's Hymns were packed along in knapsacks like cleaning tools. Beethoven's

Quartets lie in the storage rooms of publishing houses like potatoes in cellars.

All works partake of this thingliness. What would they be without it? But perhaps we are defeating our purpose in taking this admittedly gross and superficial attitude toward the work. It is all right for the furniture movers or charwomen in museums to have such a conception of the work of art. But we ought to take the works in the way they present themselves to those who experience and enjoy them. However, even the much discussed aesthetic experience cannot escape the thingliness of the work of art. Stoniness is in the edifice. Woodenness is in the carving. Coloration is in the painting. Sounds are in the linguistic work. Tones are in the symphony. Thingliness is so steadfastly in the work of art that we should perhaps rather say: the edifice is in the stone. The carving is in the wood. The painting is in the color. The linguistic work is in the sound. The symphony is in the tone. All self-evident, comes the retort. Certainly. But what is this self-evident thingliness in the work of art?

Presumably it would be superfluous and confusing to inquire in this direction, because the work of art is, of course, something else over and above thingliness. This something else pertaining to it, constitutes its artistic aspect. The work of art is no doubt a manufactured thing, and yet it says and shows something other than its own assembly as a thing, ἄλλο ἀγορεύει. The work makes something else apparent, it reveals something else; it is allegory. In the work of art something else is brought together with the manufactured thing. To bring together is called in Greek συμβάλλειν. The work is symbol.

Allegory and symbol have long provided the conceptual frame for the characterization of the work of art. Yet that which reveals something else in the work, this one element which integrates with something else, is the thingliness in the work of art. It almost seems as though the thingliness in the work of art is some sort of substructure into which and over which something else, something more properly a part of the work, is built. And isn't it just this thingliness with respect to the work which the artist actually handles in his capacity as artisan?

We would like to encounter the work of art as it is when it is actually at work, for only in this manner shall we come upon art itself in its immediate reality. Thus we must first bring the thingliness of the work into view. In order to do this it is necessary that we know with sufficient clarity what a thing is. Only then can we say whether the work of art is a thing, but a thing to which something else adheres; only then can we decide whether the work is basically something else, and not a thing at all.

The Thing and the Work

What in truth is a thing, insofar as it is a thing? When we inquire in this manner, we want to become acquainted with what it is for a thing to be a thing, its thing-being. What counts is the experience of the thingliness of the thing. For this purpose we must get to know the sphere within which every existant belongs which we customarily call "thing."[2]

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[2] [Seiendes, "something that is," "a being," "what is," has here consistently been translated by "existant." The -ant suffix is enough to alert the reader to the special meaning of the word without causing undue confusion with the terms "Being," "existence," and "existent" when they occur as well. Ralph Manheim has resorted to the word "essent" for Seiendes to preserve the root of the verb "to be" and to preserve the specialized form "ex-sistere" as meaning "to stand out or away from being." See Heidegger, Introduction to Metaphysics (New Haven, 1959), pp. viii-ix and p. 64. I agree with the argument but not with the usage, for although the noun "Being" is still "ontological" in common English, the verb "to be" is entirely copulative and must of necessity be replaced by the verb "to exist" to convey "the being of beings" as opposed to "the Being of beings." Furthermore, "existant" does not carry the disturbing overtones of "essence" that we hear in "essent," for it is clear that the existence of something ("what is") is independent of the essence of something ("what it is"). See also A. C. Graham, "'Being' in Linguistics and Philosophy," Foundations of Language, I, 3 (August, 1965), pp. 223-31. (Tr.)]

The stone in the path is a thing and so is the earth clod in the plowed field. A pitcher is a thing and so is the well by the wayside. But what about the milk in the pitcher and the water in the well? These are also things if we are correct in calling the cloud in the sky and the thistle in the field things, if the leaf blown by the autumn wind and the hawk over the forest are correctly designated things. All of these must in fact be called things if one even goes so far as to call "thing" something which does not show itself in the same manner as the things we have just enumerated, that is to say, something which is not directly apparent. One such thing which is not directly apparent, namely a "thing-in-itself," is according to Kant the world in its totality. Another example is God himself. In the language of philosophy things-in-themselves and things which appear, in fact all beings which are at all, are things.

Of course airplanes and radios are today commonplace things, but when we talk about ultimate things we are thinking about something altogether different. Death and judgment: these are ultimate things. On the whole, the word "thing" designates here anything which is not simply nothing. According to this definition the work of art is also a thing, insofar as it is an existant at all. And yet this concept of the thing does not help us in the slightest, at least initially, in our task of distinguishing the existant associated with the being of the thing from the existant associated with the being of the work. On top of this, we hesitate to call God a thing. In the same sense we hesitate to accept the farmer in the field, the stoker in front of his furnace or the teacher in school as a thing. The human being is not a thing. Of course we call a young girl who has taken on more than she can handle a sweet young thing, but only because in this case we feel her humanity to be incomplete to a certain extent and so are more apt to find in her that which constitutes the thingliness of things. We even hesitate to call the deer in a forest glade a thing, or the beetle in the grass, or the blade of grass itself. We prefer to think of a hammer or a shoe, an axe or a clock, as a thing. But even these are not merely things. Mere things are for us only stones, earth clods, pieces of wood, the inanimate things which we usually use or which we find in nature. Natural and usual things are what we commonly call things.

Thus we see ourselves brought back from that widest range in which everything is a thing, including the highest and ultimate things, to the narrow range of mere things (thing=res=ens=ein Seiendes=an existant). The "mere" means here on the one hand the pure thing, which is simply thing and nothing else. On the other hand, the "mere" means that "thing" is to be taken almost in a derogatory sense. Mere things, by which we mean to exclude even things we usually and often use, serve as things proper. In what does the thingliness of these things consist? One ought to be able to define the thing-being of things in terms of the mere things. Such a definition would put us in a position to characterize thingliness as such. Armed with this knowledge it is possible to characterize that almost palpable working actuality of the work in which, to be sure, something else is to be found as well.

Now it is a known fact that already in ancient times, as soon as one wanted to know what, after all, the existant is, things in their thingliness would always assert themselves as the standard of comparison. As a result, we might expect to run across a delimitation of the thingliness of things in the interpretations of the existant which have come down to us. Thus we shall only need to explicate this traditional knowledge in order to save ourselves the trouble of undertaking our own dry investigation into the thingliness of the thing. The answers to the question, "What is the thing?" are commonplace in the sense that we no longer suspect that there is anything worth questioning in the matter.

The interpretations of the thingliness of the thing which have long since become self-evident and are today in daily use because they have been dominant in the course of Western thought, may be reduced to three.

Let us take a block of granite as an example of a mere thing. It is hard, heavy, extended, massive, without form, rough, colored, partially dull and partially lustrous. We can perceive all the above in the stone. We take cognizance of its features in this manner. Yet these features purport what is proper to the stone itself. They are its properties. The thing has them. The thing? What are we thinking of when we now have the thing in mind? Evidently the thing is not merely an aggregate of features, nor an accumulation of properties which together generate an entity. The thing is, as everybody seems to know, that around which the properties have assembled themselves. One talks therefore of the core of the thing. The Greeks are said to have named this core τὸ ὑποκείμενον. For them of course this core of the thing was what is basically and always lying there. The features, on the other hand, are called τὰ συμβεβηκότα, that which has always associated itself with and accompanied whatever is lying there.

These appellations are by no means arbitrary. They express the Greeks' fundamental experience of the being of the existant in the sense of presence, something we cannot go into here. However, the interpretation of the thingliness of the thing that henceforth becomes standard is founded and the occidental interpretation of the being of the existant layed down in terms of these definitions. This begins with the carrying over of the Greek words into Roman-Latin thought. ὑποκείμενον becomes *subiectum*; ὑπόστασις becomes *substantia*; συμβεβηκός becomes *accidens*. This translation of Greek names into the Latin language is by no means as inconsequential a procedure as we take it to be even today. On the contrary. Behind the apparently literal and hence conservative translation is concealed a transposing of Greek experience into a different kind of thinking. *Roman thought takes over the Greek words without the corresponding simultaneously originating experience of that which the words say, without the Greek word*. The bottomlessness of occidental thought begins with this transposition.

The definition of the thingliness of the thing as consisting of substance with its accidents appears, according to current opinion, to correspond to our natural view of things. No wonder that our current bearing toward things, as exemplified by the way in which things are specified and spoken about, has also adapted itself to this familiar view of the thing. The simple assertion consists of a subject, which is the Latin translation, or rather redesignation, of ὑποκείμενον, and of a predicate, in which the features of the thing are expressed. Who would wish to undermine these simple fundamental relationships between thing and sentence, between sentence structure and the structure of things? Yet we must ask: is the structure of the simple assertion (the connection of subject and predicate) the mirror image of the structure of things (of the unification of substance with accidents)? Or is perhaps the structure of things as thus represented developed according to the frame of the sentence?

What is easier for man to do than to transfer his way of grasping the thing in assertions onto the structure of the thing itself? Such an apparently discerning and yet very premature opinion would of course first have to make understandable how this transference of sentence structure upon the thing is supposed to be possible without the thing having already become visible. The question as to which is primary and controlling, sentence structure or thing structure, has not been decided yet. It is even doubtful whether the question in this form can be decided at all.

Basically, sentence structure neither fore-casts the proportions for the structure of the thing, nor simply mirrors the image of the thing. Both sentence structure and thing structure derive in their formation and in their possible interrelationship from a common more original source. In any case, the interpretation of the thingliness of the thing first proposed, to the effect that the thing is the carrier of its features, is not nearly as natural as it appears, despite its current popularity. What seems natural to us is presumably only a familiarity which has forgotten the unfamiliar out of which it arose. That unfamiliarity, however, once fell upon mankind as something alien and brought thought to wonder.

Our confidence in the familiar interpretation of the thing is only apparently well founded. Furthermore, this conception of the thing (the thing as carrier of its features) is valid not only for the mere thing proper, but also for any existant. Thus it can never serve to separate the thingly existant from the non-thingly existant. Yet even before all deliberation, our attentiveness within the sphere of things already tells us that this conception of the thing does not hit upon the thingliness of things, their indigenousness and self-containment. Occasionally we still have the feeling that violence has long been done to the thingliness of things and that thought has contributed to this violence, which is why we swear off thinking instead of taking the trouble to make thought more thoughtful. But then, what has such a feeling, no matter how sure it is, to do with an attempt to define the essence of the thing, if thought alone is to be permitted to have its say? Yet perhaps what we are here and in similar cases calling feeling or impression is more perceptive, because it is more open to being, than all "understanding" which has been understood as ratio and been rationally misinterpreted. In this regard, the furtive glances cast toward the ir-rational, as the unnatural offspring of unthoughtful rationalizing, have produced some curious results. It is true that the current conception of the thing comprehends every thing. Yet for all its comprehensiveness it does not so much grasp the essentially oriented thing as overpower it.

Is it perhaps possible to avoid such an overpowering, and if so, how? Indeed, our only recourse is to provide, as it were, a free field for the thing, so that it can directly show its thingliness. All conceptions and assertions about the thing which could conceivably place themselves between the thing and ourselves must first be set aside. Only then do we yield ourselves up to the undistorted presence of the thing. But we do not first need to expedite such a direct encounter with things. It has long been taking place. Things quite literally impinge upon the body in what the senses of sight, hearing and touch contribute, in the sensations of color, sound, rawness and hardness. The thing is the αἰσθητόν, that which is perceived in the sensings of the senses by means of sensations. Thus the thing is soon commonly conceived as nothing but the unity of a manifold of that which is given in the senses. Whether this unity is comprehended as a sum or as a totality or as a configuration does not prevent this conception of the thing from becoming standard.

Now this interpretation of the thingliness of the thing is always just as correct and verifiable as the previous one. This is already enough to cause doubt concerning its truth. If we consider fully what we are seeking, the thingliness of the thing, then this conception of the thing again leaves us at a loss. We never perceive first and for their own sake a pressing throng of sensations, e.g., sounds and noises, in the appearance of things, but rather we hear the storm blowing in the chimney, we hear the airliner, we hear the Mercedes as immediately distinct from the Volkswagen. The things themselves are for us much closer than all sensations. We hear the door slam in the house; never do we hear acoustical sensations or even merely noises. In order to hear a pure noise, we have to hear away from the thing, we have to withdraw our ear from it, i.e., listen abstractly.

This conception of the thing is less an overpowering of the thing and more an exaggerated attempt to capture the thing in its greatest possible immediacy. But a thing will never achieve this immediacy as long as we assign to it sense-perceptions as its thingliness. Whereas the first interpretation of the thing holds the thing away from the body, as it were, and sets it too far off, the second draws it too close to the body. In both interpretations the thing vanishes. Therefore it is desirable to avoid the exaggerations of both interpretations. The thing itself must be allowed to remain undisturbed in its self-containment. It is to be taken entirely on its own terms, just as it stands. The third interpretation, which is as old as the two previously mentioned, appears to accomplish this.

That which gives things their constancy and their core but at the same time also brings about the manner in which they affect the senses--their color, sound, hardness, their mass--is the material of the things. In this definition of the thing as matter (ὕλη), form (μορφή) is automatically postulated along with it. The constancy of a thing, its consistency, consists in the fact that a matter stands together with a form. The thing is a formed matter. This interpretation of the thing refers directly to the way the thing looks to us (εἶδος)insofar as it concerns us. With the synthesis of matter and form a conception of the thing has finally been found which fits both natural things and usual, often used things equally well.

This conception of the thing puts us in a position to answer the question of the thingliness in the work of art. The thingliness in the work is evidently the matter of which the work consists. Matter is the substratum and the field for artistic formation. But we could of course have advanced this illuminating and familiar position from the beginning. Why are we making a detour through the other current conceptions of the thing? Because we also distrust this conception of the thing, which represents the thing as formed matter.

But isn't just this pair of concepts, matter-form, quite customary in that area in which we are supposed to be moving? Certainly. The distinction between matter and form is the pre-eminent conceptual scheme for all aesthetics and theories of art, and the one showing the greatest variety. But this uncontested fact proves neither that the distinction between matter and form is sufficiently well founded nor that it belongs originally to the domain of art and the work of art. In addition, the range of application of this pair of concepts has long extended far beyond the province of aesthetics. Form and content are blanket concepts under which everything and anything can be subsumed. If one goes so far as to associate form with the rational and matter with the ir-rational, if one goes on to take the rational as the logical and the irrational as the alogical, if one in addition couples the subject-object relationship with the pair of concepts form-matter, then the representational faculty has at its disposal a conceptual apparatus which nothing can withstand.

But if this is the situation with respect to the matter and form distinction, how shall we then grasp with its help the particular domain of mere things as distinct from any other existant? Yet perhaps this characterization in terms of matter and form can regain its definitional power if the tendency these concepts have of spreading themselves thin is simply reversed. Well and good, but this presupposes that we know in which sector of the existant they fulfill their genuine definitional obligations. It is up till now only an assumption that this is the domain of mere things. The reference to the plentiful usage of this conceptual frame in aesthetics could easily lead to the thought that matter and form are definitions derived from the essence of the work of art, definitions which were then in a sense transferred back to the thing. Where does the matter-form structure have its origin, in the thingliness of the thing or in the workliness of the work of art?

The granite block in its self-containment is something material in a definite though irregular form. Form means here the spatial-locational distribution and arrangement of material elements which results in the circumscription of a particular configuration, namely that of a block. But a pitcher is also matter standing in a form, and so is an axe and so are shoes. Here, in fact, the form as circumscribed configuration is not simply the result of a distribution of matter. On the contrary, the form determines how the matter should be arranged. It even prescribes in each case the nature and selection of the material: impermeable material for the pitcher, sufficiently hard material for the axe, durable yet pliable material for the shoes. The plaiting together of form and matter which takes place here is furthermore regulated in advance by that for which pitcher, axe, and shoes serve. Such serviceability is never subsequently added or assigned to existants such as pitchers, axes, and shoes. But neither is it something which hovers somewhere over them as an end.

Serviceability is that ground swell out of which such an existant casts its light upon us, i.e., enlightens us and hence presents itself as being this existant. The formative aspect as well as the concomitant selection of material, and therefore the governing structure of matter and form, have their foundation in such serviceability. A being so governed is always the artificial produce of manufacture. The artificial product is manufactured as an artifact for something. Matter and form, as definitions of the existant, are therefore lodged in the essence of the artifact. This name designates whatever is specifically turned out to be employed and utilized. Matter and form are by no means original definitions of the thingliness of mere things.

The artifact--for example, footwear--is self-contained, as a finished produce, just like the mere thing, but it does not have that indigenousness which the granite block has. On the other hand, the artifact shows itself to be related to the work of art insofar as it is something brought forth by the hand of man. However, the work of art, because of its self-sufficient presence, resembles more the indigenous and unconstrained mere thing. And yet we do not count works among mere things. Of the things around us, usual and often used things are generally taken to be things per se. Thus an artifact is half a thing because it is definitely thingly and yet more; at the same time it is half a work of art and yet less, for it is without the self-sufficiency of the work of art. The artifact takes a peculiar middle position between the thing and the work, assuming that such a sequence may be set up.

But the matter-form structure which defines in the first instance the being of the artifact readily proposes itself to man as the directly comprehensible structure of every existant, because here man himself participates as manufacturer, that is to say, has a hand in the manner in which the artifact comes into being. Insofar as the artifact takes on a middle position between the mere thing and the work, one is tempted to comprehend with the help of artifactual being (of matter-form structure) also non-artifactual existants, things and works and finally all beings whatsoever.

The inclination to take the matter-form structure for the structure of any existant whatever receives yet another impetus from the fact that from the first the existant as a whole has been represented on the basis of biblical faith as something created, and that means here manufactured. The philosophy of the faith can of course assure us that the creative effort of God is not the same as the activity of an artisan. But if at the same time or from the first the ens creatum is thought of in terms of the unity of materia and forma as a consequence of the believed validity of the Thomistic philosophy for the interpretation of the Bible, then the faith is explicated in terms of a philosophy whose truth rests in an unconcealedness of the existant which is radically different from that of the world believed in in the faith.

The idea of creation founded in that faith can of course lose its power to guide us toward a knowing and seeing of the existant as a whole. Yet a theological interpretation of the entire existant which sees the existant in terms of matter and form, though borrowed from a foreign philosophy, can still remain, once it has gained a foothold. That is what happens in the transition from the Middle Ages into modern times. The latter's metaphysics continues to rest on the medieval notion of form-matter structure, which itself harks back--but only in so many words--to the rubble-covered essence of εἶδος and ὕλη. Thus the interpretation of the thing according to matter and form became commonplace and self-evident, whether it remains medieval or becomes Kantian and transcendental. But for this reason it is an overpowering of what it is to be a thing, no less than the other interpretations of the thingliness of the thing mentioned earlier.

The situation betrays itself already in the fact that we call the thing proper a mere thing. The "mere" [Latin merus] means here unadulturated with the characteristics of serviceability and manufacture. The mere thing is a kind of artifact, albeit an artifact stripped of its artifactual being. Thing-being consists in what then remains. But the being characteristic of this leftover is thereby defined derivatively, and not in terms of the remainder itself. It is questionable whether the thingliness of the thing will ever make an appearance in the process of stripping it of everything artifactual. Hence the third way of interpreting the thing, the interpretation following the guideline of the matter-form structure, also proves to be an overpowering of the thing.

The three ways of defining thingness here specified comprehend the thing as a carrier of features, as the unity of a manifold of sensations, and as formed matter. In the course of the history of truth regarding the existant these interpretations have become linked together, something which we shall not go into here. In this way they have further extended the range of application possible to them, so that they apply interchangeably to the thing, the artifact, and the work. Thus a mode of thinking grows out of them according to which we think not only about thing, artifact, and work in particular but also about the entire existant in general. This mode of thinking, which has long been commonplace, preconceives and forestalls any immediate experience of the existant. The preconception chokes off the contemplation of the being of whatever is. Thus the reigning concepts of the thing block our way to the thingliness of the thing as well as to the artifactuality of the artifact and particularly to the workliness of the work.

This fact makes it necessary to know about these conceptions of the thing, so that we may contemplate in the light of this knowledge their source and boundless applications as well as their seeming self-evidence. This knowledge is all the more necessary if we dare make the attempt to bring to view and to express in words the thingliness of the thing, the artifactuality of the artifact and the workliness of the work. But for this there is only one prerequisite: to hold at a distance the overpowering preconceptions of that mode of thinking, so that, for example, the thing may rest in its thingness. What seems easier to do than to let an existant be only that existant which it is? Or is this task perhaps the most difficult, especially if such a project--to allow an existant to be what it is--represents the antithesis of the indifference which turns its back upon the existant in favor of an unexamined conception of being? We should turn instead toward the existant and think it through to its being, while at the same time letting it remain self-contained in its essence.

This exertion of thought appears to find the greatest resistance in the case of the definition of the thingness of the thing; for is not this resistance the basis for the failure of the before-mentioned attempts to comprehend the thing? The unpretentious thing withholds itself from thought with the greatest obstinacy. Or does precisely this self-withholding of the mere thing, this unconstrained self-containment of the thing, belong to its essence? Must not, then, a thinking which tries to think the thing through become intimate with that alienating retentiveness within the essence of the thing? If that is so, then we shall not be able to gain the way to the thingliness of the thing.

The indicated history of its interpretation is an unmistakable documentation for the fact that the thingness of the thing shows itself rarely and is particularly difficult to express. This history coincides with a destiny in keeping with the way occidental thinking has until now thought the being of the existant. But we do not wish merely to confirm this fact. We also perceive in this history a hint. Is it an accident that among interpretations of the thing those which move along the guide-line of matter and form have attained a particular predominance? This definition of the thing derives from an interpretation of the artifactual being of the artifact. This existant, the artifact, is especially dear to man because it attains being through human artifice. This existant with whose being we are thus so intimately familiar takes at the same time a peculiar middle position between the thing and the work. We shall follow this hint and look now for the artifactuality of the artifact. Perhaps something will turn up in that direction concerning the thingliness of the thing and the workliness of the work. But we must be careful to avoid concluding prematurely that the thing and the work are species of the artifact. Nevertheless we shall take the possibility into account that historically essential distinctions still reign in the way in which the artifact is.

Yet which way leads to the artifactuality of the artifact? How shall we experience what the artifact is in truth? The procedure we require must clearly avoid the transgressions of the usual interpretations. We shall most easily guard against this if we simply describe an artifact without benefit of any philosophical theory.

We shall choose as an example a commonplace artifact: a pair of peasant shoes. It is not even necessary to exhibit actual examples of this often used artifact in order to describe it. Everybody is acquainted with it. But since we are here concerned with a direct description, it is perhaps a good idea to facilitate a visualisation. A pictorial representation will suffice as an aid. We shall choose for the purpose a well-known painting by van Gogh, who painted such footwear a number of times.

But what is there to see in it? Everybody knows what belongs to a shoe. If it doesn't happen to be a wooden or bast shoe, one finds a sole of leather and an upper, the two parts joined together by means of seams and nails. Such artifacts serve as foot clothing. Their matter and form differ depending on the service intended, whether for field work or dancing.

Such correct statements only elucidate what we already know. The artifactual being of the artifact consists in its serviceability. But what about this serviceability itself? Can we grasp the artifactuality of the artifact in terms of its serviceability? Don't we have to seek the serviceable artifact in its service in order to succeed in grasping it? The peasant woman in the field wears the shoes. Here for the first time they are what they are. They are all the more genuinely this the less the peasant woman thinks about the shoes while working or looks at them or even notices them. She stands and walks in them. In this manner the shoes actually serve. In the process of the utilization of the artifact we should be able to encounter its artifactuality at work.

On the other hand, as long as we only imagine a pair of shoes in general or just look at empty, unused shoes standing there in the picture, we shall never experience what the artifactual being of the artifact is in truth. According to the painting by van Gogh, we cannot even ascertain where the shoes are standing. There is nothing around this pair of peasant shoes to which or in which they could belong; there is only an undefined space. Not even earth clods from the field or from the path stick to them, clods that would at least hint at their application. A pair of peasant shoes and nothing else. And yet . . .

The toil of laboring steps stares stiffly out of the dark worn-out interior of the footwear. Stored up in the coarse, massive heaviness of the footwear is the tenacity of slow plodding through far-reaching always identical furrows in a field over which a raw wind blows. The dampness of the saturated soil lies upon the leather. The loneliness of the lane pushes itself under the soles as evening falls. The silent summons of earth oscillates in the footwear, quietly proferring the ripening grain and impassively withholding itself in the fallow desolation of the wintery field. This artifact is permeated with uncomplaining anxiety over the certainty of bread, wordless joy of again surviving want, trembling at the coming of birth and shuddering at the surrounding threat of death. This artifact belongs to the earth and it is sheltered in the world of the peasant. Out of this sheltered belonging the artifact acquires its self-containment.

But perhaps we see all this only in the footwear in the picture. The peasant woman simply wears the shoes. As if this simple wearing were so simple. Every time the peasant woman puts away the shoes late in the evening with a heavy but healthy weariness and then reaches for them again in the darkness of the morning or ignores them on the holiday, she knows all this without observation and reflection. The artifactual being of the artifact consists, to be sure, of its serviceability. But this serviceability itself rests in the fullness of essential being alloted to the artifact. We call this its dependability. On the strength of that, the peasant woman hears the silent summons of earth, on the strength of the dependability of the artifact she is sure of her world. World and earth are there for her and for those who share her ways only in the artifact. We say "only" and in saying this make a mistake; for the dependability of the artifact is what first provides a bare and simple world with its setting in concealment and secures for earth the freedom of its steady pressure.

The artifactual being of the artifact, its dependability, concentrates and suspends all things within itself in accordance with their significance. The serviceability of the artifact is only the essential corollary of dependability. The former oscillates within the latter and would be nothing without it. The individual artifact becomes worn out and used up; but at the same time its utility also loses its edge, wears itself down and becomes commonplace. Hence its artifactual being is laid waste and it sinks to the level of mere "stuff." This deterioration of artifactual being is the fading away of dependability. This fading, to which usual, often used things owe then their tedious, obtrusive familiarity, is but one more corroborating fact for the originating essence of artifactual being. The worn-out and familiar aspect of the artifact presses forward then as its only and apparently exclusive mode of being. Now only the bare serviceability is still visible. It awakens the impression that the origin of the artifact lies directly in the manufacturing process which stamps a form upon a material. Nevertheless, the artifact arrives at its genuine artifactual being from further away. Matter and form and their differentiation have a deeper origin.

The containment of the self-contained artifact consists in its dependability. In dependability we see for the first time what the artifact is in truth. But as yet we know nothing of that for which we are here looking, the thingliness of the thing. Moreover, we do not see and know that which is the only and proper object of our search: the workliness of the work in the sense of the work of art.

Or can it be that we have now by accident, obliquely so to speak, experienced something about the work-being of the work?

The artifactual being of the artifact was found. But how? Not through a description and explanation of some footwear actually lying there, not by means of a report on the manufacture of shoes, not even by observing this or that actual application of footwear, but rather by simply putting ourselves in front of a painting by van Gogh. This painting spoke. In the vicinity of the work we were suddenly somewhere else than we are accustomed to be.

The work of art allowed us to see what the footwear is in truth. It would be the worst self-deception if we were to think that our description had sketched all that out as a subjective activity and then read it into the painting. If there is anything worth questioning here, then it is only that we experience too little in the vicinity of the work and have expressed that experience too grossly and too directly. But above all, the work did not serve solely to provide a better visualisation of what an artifact is, though it may at first have given that impression. On the contrary, the artifactual-being proper of the artifact first makes its appearance through the work and only appears in the work.

What is happening here? What is at work in the work? Van Gogh's painting is the disclosure of that which the artifact, the pair of peasant shoes, *is* in truth. This existant steps out into the unconcealedness of its being. The unconcealedness of the existant was called by the Greeks ἀλήθεια. We say truth and give little enough thought to this word. If in the work a disclosure of the existant takes place which shows that, what, and how the existant is, then a moment of truth is at work in the work.

In the work of art the truth of the existant has set itself into work. "Set" means here: bring to stand. An existant, a pair of peasant shoes, comes in the work to stand in the light of its being. The being of the existant appears in the constancy of its brilliance.

The essence of the work of art would consequently be this: the truth of an existant setting itself into work. But art has always had to do with beauty and not with truth. The arts which bring forth such works one calls the beautiful or fine arts, in order to distinguish them from the arts or trades which manufacture artifacts. In beautiful art, art itself is not beautiful; rather it is called that because it brings forth the beautiful. Furthermore, truth belongs to logic. But beauty is the province of aesthetics.

Or is the assertion that art is the truth of an existant setting itself into work supposed to revive again that happily superceded opinion that art is an imitation and depiction of reality? The reproduction of something at hand demands, nevertheless, a correspondence to that existant, an adaption to it; the Middle Ages called it adaequatio; Aristotle said previously ὁμοίωσις. Correspondence to the existant has long been accepted as the essence of truth. But is it our opinion that the painting by van Gogh copies a handy pair of peasant shoes and is a work because it does so successfully? Is it our opinion that the painting takes a likeness from an actuality and sets it over into a product of artistic . . . production? Not at all.

But if it is not a question of the work being the reproduction of whatever individual existant happens to be handy, then perhaps it has to do with the reproduction of the general essence of things. But where and in what way is this general essence, so that the work of art may correspond to it? To which essence of which things is, for example, a Greek temple supposed to correspond? Who could possibly assert that in such a construction the idea of temple is represented? And yet truth is set into work in such a work, if it is a work. Or let us consider Hölderlin's hymn _Der Rhein_. What is here available to the poet and in what way is it available so that it may then be reproduced in the poem? Although in the case of this hymn and similar poetic works the thought of a depictional relationship between the work of art and something already actual and working evidently breaks down, the opinion that the work depicts is nevertheless supported in the best possible way by works such as the C. F. Meyer poem, _Der römische Brunnen_.

Roman Fountain

Up climbs the stream and pouring, falls
To fill the rounded marble shell,
Which, trailing veils, and veiling, spills
Into a second basin's well;
The second yields--exorbitance--
The third its surging tidal flows,
And each one takes and yields at once
In streaming and repose.

Yet this too is neither a poetic painting of a fountain actually on hand nor a reproduction of the universal essence of a Roman fountain. But truth is set into work in a work. Which truth moves into the moment in the work? Can truth move at all and be historically momentous in this way? As a rule people say that truth is timeless and supertemporal.

We seek the working actuality of the work of art in order to find there working and actual the art which reigns within it. We seized upon the thingly substructure as the most easily accessible working actuality connected with the work. But the traditional conceptions of the thing do not suffice to grasp this thingly something, for these conceptions themselves fall short of the essence of thingliness. The predominant conception of the thing, thing as formed matter, is not even derived from the essence of the thing, but rather from the essence of the artifact. It also became apparent that artifactual being has long maintained a peculiar position of pre-eminence in the interpretation of the existant. This pre-eminence of artifactual being, which nobody has thought out in its own terms gave us the hint to renew the inquiry after artifactuality while avoiding the familiar interpretations.

We let a work tell us what the artifact is. In doing so, what is at work in the work came to light, underhandedly, as it were: the disclosure of the existant within its being as the movement of truth into the moment. But if the working actuality of the work cannot be defined by any other means than by what is at work in the work, then how does it stand with our project to seek the work of art in its working actuality? We went off the track as long as we supposed the working actuality of the work to be in that thingly substructure. We now stand before a remarkable consequence of our considerations, if it may still be called a consequence. We can make this two-fold statement:

In the first place: the dominant thing-conceptions are not sufficient means to grasp the thingness of the work.

In the second place: what we wanted to grasp as the most accessible working actuality of the work, the thingly substructure, does not belong in this way to the work.

As soon as we look for something like a thingly substructure in the work we unintentionally regard the work as an artifact to which a superstructure has been added which somehow contains the artistic element. But the work is not an artifact which in addition is fitted out with an aesthetic value adherent to it. The work is no more that than the mere thing is an artifact lacking the proper characteristics of the artifact, serviceability and manufacture.

Our construction of the question regarding the work has collapsed because we did not inquire after the work but rather half after a thing and half after an artifact. But this was no construction which only we have developed. It is the construction of aesthetics. Its presuppositions regarding the work of art are governed by the traditional interpretation of the entire existant. Yet the collapse of this familiar construction is not the essential concern. The point is to make it possible to see for the first time that the workliness of the work, the artifactuality of the artifact and the thingliness of the thing only begin to approach us when we think about the being of the existant. For this purpose we must first break down the barriers of the self-evident and set aside the current misconceptions. Therefore we had to take a detour. But it has brought us directly onto the way which can lead to a definition of thingliness in the work. We are not denying thingliness in connection with the work, but if it indeed belongs to the work-being of the work, then this thingliness must be thought in terms of workliness. Therefore the way to the definition of the working actuality of thingliness in the work does not reach the work via the thing but rather the thing via the work.

The work of art opens up in its way the being of the existant. In the work this disclosure, i.e., unconcealment, i.e., truth of the existant, moves into the moment. In the work of art the truth of the existant has set itself into work. Art is the setting-itself-into-work of truth. What is truth itself, that it can properly occur from time to time as art? What is this setting-itself-into-work?

The Work and Truth

The origin of the work of art is art. But what is art? Art is at work in the work of art. Therefore we seek first the working actuality of the work. In what does it consist? All works of art show thingliness, although in completely different ways. The attempt to grasp this thing-characteristic of the work with the help of the familiar thing-conception failed. It failed not just because these thing-conceptions do not reach the thingliness, but also because we force the work into a preconception in inquiring after its thingly substructure, a preconception which barricades for us the approach to the work-being of the work. We will never think properly about the thingliness connected with the work as long as the work has not clearly shown itself in its absolute autonomy.

But is the work ever accessible in itself? For this to be possible it would be necessary to extricate the work from all relationships to anything other than the work itself, so that it may be totally self-contained in its own perspectives. Of course this is precisely what the artist wishes to accomplish. The work is said to attain its independence as a work through the artist. Particularly when we are confronted with great art--and only great art is under discussion here--do we find ourselves indifferent to the identity of the artist, almost as though he were a self-liquidating phase in the process of creating the work.

Thus the works themselves stand and hang in collections and exhibits. But are they there in their own right, as the works which they themselves are, or are they not perhaps there as objects of the art business? Works are made available for public and private enjoyment. Officials take over the care and maintenance of the works. Art connoisseurs and art critics occupy themselves with them. The art trade looks after the market. Research in art history makes the works objects of a science. Yet do we encounter amongst all this erudition the works themselves?

The Aegina sculptures in the Munich collection, the "Antigone" of Sophocles in the best critical edition, have been ripped out of the environment essential to them as the works they are. Their rank and their power to impress may be ever so large, their state of preservation may be ever so good, their meaning ever so certain, yet their displacement into a collection has withdrawn them from their world. But even if we take the trouble to neutralize or avoid such displacement by seeking, for example, the temple at Paestum in its place and the Bamberger Dom in its square, the world of these works has disintegrated.

World withdrawal and world disintegration can never again be reversed. The works are no longer those which they were. To be sure, they themselves encounter us there, but as works they are "has beens." As "has beens" they confront us as traditional and preserved. They will always remain for us merely traditional objects. Their ability to confront us is, to be sure, a consequence of their prior autonomy, but it is no longer this autonomy itself. This has fled out of them. All art business, even if it is raised to the highest level and operates only in the works' own interest, reaches only as far as the object-being of the works. Yet that does not constitute their work-being.

But does the work then remain a work if it stands in complete isolation? Isn't it necessary for a work to stand within relational tensions? To be sure, but in what sense remains to be asked.

Where does the work belong? The work as work belongs solely in that realm which is opened up by the work itself. For the work-being of the work is essentially oriented in, and only in, such a disclosure. We said that the momentousness of truth is at work in the work. In referring to the painting by van Gogh we attempted to put this momentousness into words. In retrospect the question arose, what is truth and how can truth move into the moment?

We shall ask now the question of truth with regard to the work. But in order that we shall become better acquainted with the content of the question, we shall make the momentousness of truth in the work visible once again. For this purpose we have deliberately chosen a work which is not considered to be representational art.

An edifice, a Greek temple, does not depict anything. It simply stands there at the foot of cliffs in the midst of a rugged valley. The edifice encloses the figure of the deity and allows it to stand out in this concealment through the open porch, and to project into the sacred precinct. The god's presence in the temple is revealed through the temple. This presentation of the deity itself determines the extent and limitation of the precinct as a sacred one. However, the temple and its precinct are in no sense suspended in an indefinite environment. The temple assembles around itself and articulates the unity of those directions and relations in which birth and death, blessing and disaster, victory and humiliation, perseverance and ruin, acquire the configuration of human destiny. The range within which these open relational tensions hold sway is the world of these historically momentous people. In terms of this world and within this world this people first finds itself for the purpose of working out its definition.

Standing there, the edifice rests on a rocky foundation. In resting on the rock, the work draws out of it and illuminates the darkness of its massive, unyielding, yet unconstrained carrying power. In standing there, the edifice stands firm in the face of the storm raging overhead and thus first shows the storm itself in its violence. The luster of the stonework, though itself a favor of the sun, nevertheless first brings the light of day, the breadth of the sky and the ominous darkness of night into perspective. The temple's assured projection into the air renders this invisible space visible. The imperturbability of the work confronts the waves of the oceanic flood and lets their turmoil become apparent against its repose. The tree and the grass, the eagle and the steer, the snake and the cricket are now brought into differentiated relief and thus make their appearance as that which they are. Very early the Greeks named this emergence as a whole φύσις. This name illuminates both that on which and that in which mankind founds his residence. We call it earth. It is important here to set aside the preconception of a deposited material mass as well as simply the astronomical conception of a planet. The earth is that into which the emergence of everything which emerges reburies and reconceals itself as what it is. The earth is essentially oriented within the emergent as its concealment.

Standing there, the temple discloses a world and sets this world firmly upon the earth. In this way earth itself first emerges as the native soil. People and animals, plants and things, are never simply on hand as immutable objects which might incidentally provide a suitable environment for a temple, if one should happen to appear. We shall have a better chance of approaching what is if we think all this in reverse, assuming of course that we already see that it makes a difference. The mere reversal for its own sake yields nothing.

In standing there, the temple first gives things their face and man the eyes to see himself. The possibility of sight remains as long as the work is a work, as long as the god has not fled out of it. So it is also with the icon which the victor dedicates to his god in a tournament. It is no depiction which facilitates a knowledge of what the god looks like, but rather a work which allows the god himself to become present and thus be the god himself. Similarly with the work of literature. In a tragedy nothing is illustrated or performed, but rather the battle of new gods against old is being fought. Since the work of literature is couched in the diction of a people, it does not talk about this battle but transforms the diction of the people in such a way that now every essential word furthers this battle and lays on the line what is sacred and what is profane, what is great and what is small, what is courageous and what is cowardly, what is permanent and what is transient, who is master and who is servant (cf. Heraclitus, Fragment 53).[3]

In what, then, does the work-being of the work consist? If we look steadily in the direction which has just been roughly indicated we may perhaps discern two essential traits of the work. In making the attempt we shall begin again with thingliness, that familiar foreground of work-being on which we have long based our bearing to the work.

These days, when something is offered to the public, its value is often enhanced by giving it what we call a "build-up." But this sort of build-up is essentially different from building in the sense of the erection of an edifice, the raising of a statue, the production of a tragedy on a festive occasion. This latter build-up is raising and erecting in the sense of sanctifying and celebrating. Building up does not mean here mere aggrandizement through exposure. "Sanctify" means hallowing in the sense that in the gradual building of the work the holy is disclosed as something holy and the god is called into the openness of his presence. To sanctification belongs celebration as the glorification of the glory and splendor of the god. Glory and splendor are not properties in their own right beside and behind which the god also happens to stand, but rather the god becomes present in the glory and in the splendor. What we call world is resplendent, i.e., comes to light, in the reflection of this splendor. E-rect says: to open up the right in the sense of a directional standard in accordance with which the essential directions are realized. But why is the building up of a work a sanctifying-celebrating erecting? Because the work, in being a work, requires it. How does the work come to require such a build-up? Because it at the same time builds up in being a work. What does the work build up as a work? Expanding within itself, the work opens up a world and lets it predominate.

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[3] ["Contention is the genesis (father) as well as the dominant substantiating force (king) of all that is present. For it indicates (shows) some as gods, others as men; it delivers (creates) some as slaves, others as free." For variant translations, see Heidegger, Intro. to Metaphysics, pp. 61-62, as well as C. S. Kirk, Heraclitus: The Cosmic Fragments (Cambridge, Eng., 1954), p. 245. (Tr.)]

To be a work means: to build up a world. But what is a world? The reference to the temple provided an indication. On the path which we must travel here we can do no more than hint at the essence of world. Even this intimation is no more than a defense against anything that might impair a view into this essence.

World is not a mere collection of available things, whether countable or uncountable, known or unknown. But world is also not an imagined frame conceived in addition to the sum of what is available. World worlds and is greater in the extent of its being than the graspable and perceivable surroundings in which we believe ourselves to be at home.[4] World is never an object which stands before us and which can be observed. World is that never objective test of endurance which we endure as long as the courses of birth and death, blessing and curse hold us drawn into being. Wherever the essential decisions of our history fall, wherever we accept them and let them go, misconstrue them and again begin to question them, there the world is working. The stone is worldless. Plants and animals similarly have no world; but they respond to the concealed pressure of an environment in which they are engaged. On the other hand, the peasant woman has a world, because she maintains herself in the openness of the existant. The artifact in its dependability gives this world its very own necessity and nearness. As a world opens itself up, all things receive their dawdle and dash, their near and far, their thick and thin. As the world worlds, it assembles that spaciousness out of which the sustaining favor of the gods is bestowed or denied. Even the dreadful misfortune of God's absence is a way in which the world worlds.

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[4] ["World worlds," i.e., as man grows out beyond himself, exists, and makes something of his existence, so world works itself out as "the ages of man" (wer-old). (Tr.)]

Insofar as a work is a work, it interspaces and concedes that spaciousness. "To interspace" means here to set free the freeness of the open and to intrench this freeness within its relational tensions. This intrenchment is essentially oriented in terms of the beforementioned e-recting. The work as work builds up a world. The work holds the openness of the world open. But the building up of a world is only one of the essential traits which must be mentioned here with regard to the work-being of the work. We shall try in the same way to make another trait belonging to it visible against the familiar foreground of the work.

When a work is brought forth out of this or that raw material--stone, wood, metal, color, language, sound--one also says that it has been turned out. But just as the work demands a building up in the sense of a sanctifying-celebrating erecting because the work-being of the work consists in the building up of a world, so also is a turning out necessary, because the work-being of the work itself has the character of a turning out. The work as work is in its essence turning out. But what is turned out with respect to the work? We shall experience this for the first time when we follow up what is usually and superficially called the turning out of works.

The building up of a world is part of being a work. What is the essence of that in the work which we normally call raw material when thought within the horizon of this definition? The artifact takes that out of which it is constituted, its material, into its service because it is defined in terms of serviceability and utility. Stone is used and used up in the manufacture of the artifact, as for example an axe. It disappears in servitude. The material is all the better and appropriate the less resistance it puts up in passing out of sight in the artifactual being of the artifact. The temple, on the other hand, since it builds up a world, does not allow the material to disappear, but rather lets it come to the fore for the very first time, in fact lets it do so within the openness of the world of the work: the rocky ledge begins to carry and support and so first becomes rock; the metals begin to flash and shimmer, the colors to glow, the sound to ring, the word to say. All this comes to the fore because the work settles into the massiveness and heaviness of the stone, into the firmness and flexibility of wood, into the hardness and lustre of the raw metal, into the lightening and darkening of color, into the ring of the sound and into the evocative power of the word.

That into which the work settles and which it in its settlement allows to come forth we have called earth. Earth is the forthcoming-concealing. Earth is unconstrained effortlessness and inexhaustability. Historically momentous mankind founds his residence in the world on and in the earth. As the work builds up a world, it turns out the earth. Turning out is here to be taken in the strict sense of the word. The work draws earth itself into openness of a world and holds it there. The work lets earth be an earth.

Yet why must this turning out of earth move it into the moment in such a way that the work settles into it? What is the earth that it attains unconcealedness in precisely such a way? The stone bears, and bears witness to, its heaviness. But while this heaviness is borne toward us, it denies at the same time any penetration into it. If we attempt such a penetration by smashing the rock, its pieces again deny us a look into an opened up interior. Though in pieces, the stone has again withdrawn itself into the same mute heaviness and massiveness. If we attempt to grasp this in another way, by laying the stone on a scale, then we merely convert the heaviness into the calculation of a weight. This definition of the stone, which may be very exact, produces a numerical figure, but the burden of heaviness has escaped us. Color lights up and wants only to glow. If we, measuring knowledgeably, analyze color into frequency numbers, it is gone. It only shows itself if it remains unanalyzed and unexplained. Approached in this way, earth contravenes any attempt at penetration. It converts every merely calculating importunity into a destruction. Although this importunity may parade the appearance of mastery and of progress in the form of the technical-scientific objectification of nature, this mastery remains nevertheless an impotence of the will. The earth appears openly illuminated as itself only where it is sustained and substantiated as something essentially undiscloseable, as something which retreats before every disclosure and therefore constantly holds itself in retention. All the things of earth, and earth itself as a whole, run together in one harmonious flux. But this fluxion is no effacement. Here flows the self-contained stream of encompassing extremities which limits everything present in its presence. Thus there is in every self-retaining thing the same reservation of acquaintance with itself. Earth is the essentially self-retaining. To turn out earth means: to bring it into the open as that which retains itself.

This turning out of earth is achieved by the work as it settles into earth. But the retention of earth is no uniform, monotonous, rigid suspension; rather it unfolds itself in an inexhaustible variety of modes and configurations. To be sure, the sculptor uses stone just as the mason is accustomed to deal with it. But the sculptor does not use up the stone. That only happens to some extent in cases where the work proves unsuccessful. To be sure, the artist uses coloring material, but the color is not used up. It begins to glow. To be sure, the poet also uses words, but he does not use them up as prosaic talkers and writers do. He uses them in such a way that the words for the first time truly become and remain words.

Nowhere in the work is there anything resembling a raw material. It even remains doubtful if, in the definition of the essence of the artifact, that out of which it is constituted is correctly designated as material.

The building up of a world and the turning out of earth are two essential traits in the work-being of the work. But they belong together in the unity of work-being. We seek this unity when we consider the autonomy of the work and try to express that complete and harmonious respose of self-containment.

Yet in naming these essential traits, we have made known something which, though indeed cogent, is more of a movement into the moment than a repose; for is not repose the opposite of a turning out and building up? But repose is certainly not meant as an opposite which excludes such movement but rather as one which includes it. Only what has been moved is capable of repose. The manner of repose depends upon the type of movement. In movement as the mere change of location of a body, repose is, to be sure, only the lower limit of movement. But if repose comprises movement, then there can be a repose which is assembled intensity of movement, that is, maximum mobility, assuming that the type of movement involved calls for such a repose.

The repose of the self-contained work is indeed of this type. Therefore we begin to approach this repose if we are successful in grasping in a unified way the mobility of the movement into moment within the being of the work. We ask: what kind of relational tension relates the building up of a world and the turning out of earth within the work itself?

World is the self-opening openness of the broad course of basic and essential decisions in the monumental destiny of an historically momentous people. Earth is the unconstrained forthcoming of constant self-retention and therefore concealment. World and earth are essentially different from one another and yet never separated. World founds itself on earth and earth expands throughout a world. But the relationship between world and earth by no means languishes in the empty unity of a mutually disinterested opposition. In resting itself upon earth, world endeavors to surmount it. As self-opening, it tolerates nothing retentive. But as concealment, earth always inclines to draw the world into itself and to hold it in.

World and earth counter one another in contention. Of course we falsify all too easily the essence of contention when we throw its essence together with discord and quarrel and hence are acquainted with it only as disturbance and destruction. In essential contention, however, the contenders extend each other into the self-assertion of their essence. The self-assertion of essence is never an insistence on an arbitrary stand, but rather a tying in with the initiative concealed in the source of one's own being. In contention everything extends the other over itself. Thus the contention becomes ever more contentious and so is more authentically that what it is. The more tenaciously the contention autonomously extends over itself, the more relentlessly the contenders release themselves into the intimacy of simple co-operation. The earth cannot do without the openness of the world if it is to appear as earth in the expansiveness of its self-retention. On the other hand, world cannot dispense with earth if it is to found itself on a firm foundation as the dominant breadth and course of all essential destiny.

Since the work establishes a world and turns out earth, it is an instigator of this contention. But contention is not instigated so that the work might then do away with it and smooth it over with an insipid compromise, but rather so that the contention may remain a contention. Building up a world and turning out earth, the work brings this contention to fulfillment. The work-being of the work consists in the contending of the contention between world and earth. Because this contention reaches its maximum intensity in the simplicity of intimate co-operation, the unity of the work moves into the moment in the contending of the contention. The contending of the contention is the constantly over-extending assembly of the mobility of the work. The repose of the self-contained work therefore has its essence in the assembled intensity of contention.

Only in terms of this repose of the work are we able to see what is at work in the work. Earlier we simply advanced the assertion: in the work of art truth is set into work. In what sense is there a movement into the moment of truth in the work-being of the work, or as we may now say, in what sense does truth move into the moment in the contending of the contention of world and earth? What is truth?

We show how scanty our knowledge of the essence of truth is in the carelessness with which we use this fundamental word. With truth we generally refer to this or that truth, that is, to something true. This something can be a bit of knowledge which is expressible in one sentence. But we call not only a sentence true but also an object of investigation, for example, true gold as distinguished from fools gold. True means in this case the same as actually working, genuine gold. What does "actually working" mean here? It means that for us this object is an existant in truth. True is that which corresponds to the something actually working, and something actually working is that which is in truth. The circle has closed itself once more.

What does "in truth" mean? Truth is the essence of the true. What are we thinking of when we say "essence"? We usually refer to some kind of generality into which everything true fits. The essence is given in terms of categories and universal concepts in which the one is equally valid for the many. This equi-valent essence (essence in the sense of essentia) is however only the unessential essence. In what does the essential essence of something consist? Presumably it rests in that which the existant is in truth. The true essence of something defines itself in terms of its true being, in terms of the truth of that particular existant. Yet we are not now seeking the truth of essence but the essence of truth. Suddenly everything is curiously tangled. Is this entanglement only a curiosity or perhaps the empty sophistry of a play on words or--an abyss?

Truth means the essence of the true. As we contemplate this, we must bear in mind the Greek word. Ἀλήθεια means the unconcealedness of the existant. But is that in itself a definition of the essence of truth? Aren't we simply substituting words--unconcealedness for truth--rather than characterizing the situation itself? To be sure it remains no more than an exchange of names as long as we do not experience the movement which must have taken place which forces us to say that unconcealedness is the *essence* of truth.

Is a revival of Greek philosophy necessary for this purpose? Not at all. A revival would not help us, even if this impossibility were possible; for the concealed history of Greek philosophy consists from its inception in the fact that it does not remain in conformity with the essence of truth which comes to light in the word ἀλήθεια Therefore the emphasis of its knowledge and diction concerning the essence of truth shifts more and more toward a determination of a derivative essence of truth. The essence of truth as ἀλήθεια remains unthought in the thinking of the Greeks and all the more in subsequent philosophy. Unconcealedness is, for thought, that which is most concealed in the Greek *Dasein*, but at the same time that which from earliest times defines the becoming of everything that is present.

Yet why can we not rest satisfied with the essence of truth which has become familiar to us through the centuries? Truth has long meant the agreement of knowledge with fact. But for the cognitive process, together with the assertion formulating and expressing this cognition, to be able accurately to correspond to the factual situation, and for the situation to have forced and reinforced this very assertion, the situation must already have shown itself. How shall it show itself if not by emerging out of concealment, if not be standing in unconcealedness. An assertion is true insofar as it cor-rects itself toward the unconcealed, i.e., toward the true. The truth of the assertion is always and only this correctness. The verification criteria, which since Descartes equate truth with certainty, are only modifications of the definition of truth as correctness. Thus the essence of truth with which we are most familiar, correct comprehension, stands and falls with truth as the unconcealedness of the existant.

If we here and elsewhere grasp truth as unconcealedness we do not merely take refuge in a more literal translation of a Greek word. We recollect what lies unexperienced and unthought at the foundation of our usual and therefore used-up essence of truth in the sense of correctness. Of course from time to time somebody may casually admit that we must have gone back to something which has already been revealed in order to verify and comprehend the correctness (truth) of an assertion. This presupposition cannot in fact be circumvented. As long as we talk and think in this way, our understanding of truth as correctness will always require this presupposition which we somehow manage to accept, heaven only knows how and why.

But it is not we who presuppose the unconcealedness of the existant. Rather, the unconcealedness of the existant (being) first transposes our essence in such a way that we always consider ourselves as somehow imposed in unconcealedness and disposed toward it. Nor must only that _toward which_ a cognition is directed be already unconcealed. The whole _region_ in which this cognition subsequently corrects itself, as well as the one _for_ whom the resulting correspondence at knowledge with fact becomes evident, must also have played itself out in its entirety within unconcealedness. We would get nowhere with all our correct representations, we would not even be in a position to presuppose that something is already revealed in accordance with which we cor-rect ourselves, if the unconcealedness of the existant had not already exposed us to that lighted area in which every existant stands out for us and out of which it withdraws itself.

But how does this come about? How does truth move into the moment as this unconcealedness? Yet first we must say more clearly what this unconcealedness itself is.

Things are and people are, gifts and offerings are, plants and animals are, artifacts and works are. The existant stands in being. Through being runs a veiled fate which mediates between the devil and the divine. There is much in connection with the existant which man is not able to master. Only little becomes known. What is known remains something approximate, what is mastered something uncertain. Never is the existant our creation nor even our invention, as it may all too easily appear. If we contemplate this all at once then we grasp, so it seems, everything which is, at least in a rough sort of way.

And yet, over and above the existant, not away from it but preceding it, something else moves into the moment. In the midst of the existant as a whole an open place finds its essential orientation. A clearing is. It is beinger than the existant, as thought from the point of view of the existant. This open middle is therefore not surrounded by the existant. Instead the lighted middle itself encircles the entire existant like the nothing which we know so little.

The existant can only be as existant when it enters into and exits from the lighted area of this clearing. This clearing alone gives and guaranties us humans a passage through an existant which we are not and an approach to that existant which we ourselves are. Thanks to this clearing the existant is unconcealed in certain and various proportions. Yet even concealed, the existant can only be within the field of the clearing. Any existant which encounters and contrasts maintains a peculiar contrariety of presence by always at the same time holding back in a concealedness. The clearing in which the existant stands out is thus also concealment. But concealment reigns in the midst of the existant in a two-fold manner.

On the one hand the existant may show us only enough of itself to enable us to say of the existant that it is. This is apparently very little. But concealment as invisibility is not only and merely the limit of knowledge in any particular case. Rather it is the first faint illumination of the clearing. At the same time concealment also takes place within the established clearing, though of course in another manner. Existant shoves itself in front of existant, one beveils the other, that one bedarkens this one, few beset many, individual betrays all. Here concealment is not simply invisibility. Rather, the existant appears, but it gives itself out to be something other than it is.

This concealment is displacement. If existant did not displace existant we could not mis-take and misuse something, we could not mislead ourselves or misstep, and therefore we could never misestimate ourselves. We are able to deceive ourselves because the existant can be deceptive in its appearance, not vice versa.

Concealment can be invisibility or merely displacement. We never have complete certainty as to whether it is the one or the other. Concealment conceals and displaces itself. That is to say, the open place in the midst of the existant, the clearing, is never a set stage with a constantly raised curtain, on which the play of the existant plays itself out. On the contrary, this clearing moves into the moment only as this twofold concealment. Unconcealedness of the existant is never a current and accidental state of affairs but a momentousness. Unconcealedness (truth) is neither a property of objects nor something similar of assertions.

We believe ourselves at home in close proximity to the existant. The existant is reliable, dependable, and comfortably familiar. Nevertheless, a steady concealment in the double form of invisibility and displacement draws through the clearing. The comfortably familiar is basically uncomfortably spectacular. The essence of truth, i.e., unconcealedness, is permeated by a resistance. This resistance is not simply a failure to comply, as though truth were empty unconcealedness, the complete absence of all concealedness. If this were so, truth would no long be truth. Resistance as twofold concealment belongs to the essence of truth as unconcealedness. Truth is essentially un-truth. We say it this way in order to indicate with perhaps surprising salience that resistance in the form of concealment belongs to unconcealedness as clearing. The assertion, "the essence of truth is untruth," does not say, however, that truth is fundamentally falsity. Nor does the sentence purport that truth is never itself but, construed dialectically, also always its opposite.

Truth finds its essential orientation to the extent that the concealing resistance, as invisibility, first apportions a constant source of visibility to all clearing, yet as displacement apportions to all clearing the incessant edge of error. Concealing resistance names the way in which clearing and concealment persistently turn upon each other as co-present within the essence of truth. In this way clearing and concealment counter each other in primordial contention. The essence of truth is this primordial contention; here that open middle is worked out into which the existant comes to stand out and out of which it settles back into itself.

This openness moves into the moment in the midst of the existant. It shows an essential trait which we have already named. It embraces a world and the earth. But world is not simply the open which corresponds to the clearing, and earth is not the retention which corresponds to concealment. Rather, world is the clearing and illumination of paths along which all decision articulates itself. But every decision is founded on something not mastered, something concealed, something misleading; otherwise it would never be decision. Earth is not simply retention, but rather, that which emerges and reveals itself as self-retaining. World and earth contend and are worked out, each according to its essence. Only in this way do they step into the contention of clearing and concealment.

Earth can only expand through world, world can only found itself upon earth, to the extent that truth moves into the moment as the primordial contention of clearing and concealment. But how does truth move into the moment? We answer: it happens in a few essential ways. For example, truth moves into the moment as the work-being of the work. Establishing a world and turning out earth, the work is the contending of the contention in which truth, the unconcealedness of the existant as a whole, is worked out.

As the temple stands there, truth moves into the moment. This does not mean that here something is being correctly represented and copied, but rather that the existant as a whole is being brought into unconcealment and is being held there. "To hold" meant originally to tend, to take care of, to watch over. In the painting by van Gogh truth moves into the moment. This does not mean that here something at hand is being correctly depicted, but rather that the existant as a whole, the interplay of world and earth, achieves unconcealedness as the artifactuality of the footwear is revealed.

Truth is at work in the work; hence it is not merely something true. The painting which shows the peasant shoes, and the poem which renders the Roman fountain do not merely publicize what each existant is as an individual assuming they ever publicize at all, but rather they let unconcealedness as such move into the moment in its tensional relation to the existant as a whole. The more simply and essentially the footwear emerges, the less ornamented and more purely the fountain emerges in its essence, the more directly and captivatingly does the entire existant receive greater being with them. In this way self-retaining being is illuminated. Light thus acquired articulates its brilliance into the work. The appearance of brilliance articulated into the work is beauty. _Beauty is a way in which truth is essentially oriented as unconcealedness_.

Now indeed the essence of truth has been more clearly seen from various perspectives. Consequently it has perhaps become clearer what is at work in the work. But the now visible work-being of the work still does not tell us anything about that most proximate and pressing aspect of the work, the thingliness in the work. In our dogged attempt to grasp as purely as possible the autonomy of the work, it almost seems as though we have completely overlooked the fact that a work is always a _work_, that is to say, something worked. If anything characterizes the work as a work, then it is its createdness. Insofar as the work is created and the creation has need of a medium out of which and in which it creates, thingliness also enters into the work. That is indisputable. But the question remains: how does createdness belong to the work? We shall see this only if we have clarified the following two points:

1. What does createdness and creating mean here as distinguished from manufacturing and being manufactured?
2. What is the innermost essence of the work itself, in terms of which alone one can begin to judge the extent to which createdness belongs to it and the extent to which this defines the work-being of the work?

Creating is always thought here in relation to the work. The moving of truth into the moment belongs to the essence of the work. We shall define the essence of creation preliminarily in terms of its relationship to the essence of truth as the unconcealedness of the existant. The belonging of createdness to the work can only be seen in terms of an even more fundamental elucidation of the essence of truth. The inquiry after truth and its essence returns again.

We must now ask the question again, if the sentence, "truth is at work in the work," is not to remain a mere assertion.

We must now ask in a more essential way: to what extent is there a tendency within the essence of truth toward something like a work? What is the essence of truth, that it can be set into the work or even under certain circumstances must be set into the work in order to be truth? Yet we have already defined the essence of art as the setting into work of truth. Therefore our question becomes:

What is truth, that it can and in fact must move into the moment as art? To what extent is art _yielded_ at all?

Truth and Art

Art is the origin of the artist and the work of art. Origin is the source of the essence in which the being of an existant has its essential orientation. What is art? We seek its essence in the actually working work. The working actuality of the work was defined in terms of what is at work in the work, i.e., in terms of the movement of truth into the moment. We think of this movement as the contending of the contention between world and earth.

Repose has its essential orientation in the assembled motion of this contention. Here is the foundation for the self-containment of the work.

The momentousness of truth is at work in the work. It is in the work that this something is at work. The actually working work is already assumed here to be the carrier of that momentousness. Immediately the question regarding the thingliness of the work confronts us again. Thus we clearly see the following: no matter how zealously we inquire after the autonomy of the work, we nevertheless miss its working actuality if we fail to regard the work as something worked. To regard it as such is natural enough, for in the word "work" we hear "something worked." The workliness of the work consists in its being created by the artist. It may appear strange that this most proximate and all-clarifying definition of the work has not been mentioned earlier.

Obviously the createdness of the work can be comprehended only in terms of the creative process. Thus we cannot neglect the activity of the artist if we wish to hit upon the origin of the work of art. The attempt to define the work-being of the work purely in its own terms proves to be unfeasible.

Though we shall now turn away from the work and go after the essence of creation, we nevertheless want to keep in mind what was said earlier about the painting of the peasant shoes and again about the Greek temple.

We think of creativity as a bringing forth. But the manufacture of an artifact is also a bringing forth. Handiwork, curious play on words that it is, does not of course create works, not even if we hold the handiwork product separate from factory wares, as indeed we should. But how does bringing forth as creativity differ from any sort of bringing forth by manufacture? As easy as it is to distinguish in so many words the creation of works from the manufacture of artifacts, it is all the more difficult to distinguish each way of bringing forth in terms of its own essential traits. At first glance the activity of the potter and the sculptor, of the cabinet-maker and the painter, appear to be the same. Creating a work demands by its very nature the doing of handiwork. The great artists value craftsmanship most highly. They are the first to require its careful cultivation to the point of complete command. They above all others make an effort at continually new training in handiwork. One has often enough pointed out that the Greeks, who knew something about works of art, used the same word τέχνη for handiwork and art and named the handiworker and the artist with the same name τεχνίτης.

Therefore it seems advisable to define the essence of creativity in terms of handiwork or craftsmanship. Yet the allusion to the language usage of the Greeks, which expresses their experience in the matter, must cause us to reconsider. It may be customary and enlightening to note that the Greeks applied the same word τέχνη to both handiwork and art, but it yet remains distorted and superficial for τέχνη means neither handiwork nor art and certainly nothing technical in the modern sense, nor does it ever mean any kind of practical accomplishment.

The word τέχνη names, rather, a way of knowing. Knowing is taken here and throughout in the German sense of wissen, [English "wise," "wisdom," "vision," and Latin videre.] Thus knowing means: to have seen, in the wide sense of seeing, which implies: perception of what is present for what it is. The essence of knowing as seeing rests for Greek thought in ἀλήθεια, i.e., in the uncovering of the existant. Ἀλήθεια carries and guides every bearing toward the existant. τέχνη, as the Greek experience of knowing and seeing, is a bringing forth of the existant insofar as τέχνη brings forth what is present, as what it is, out of concealedness.

The artist is not a τεχνίτης because he is also a craftsman, but because both the turning out of works as well as the turning out of artifacts move within a bringing forth which has always let the existant come forth and be present looking the way it looks. All this moves into the moment, however, in the midst of the indigenously emerging existant, φύσις. Calling art τέχνη in no way implies that the activity of the artist is experienced from the standpoint of craftsmanship. What looks like handiwork and manufacture with regard to the creation of a work is something else. Artistic activity is defined in terms of the essence of creativity; it is permeated with this essence and also remains encompassed within it.

But how shall we think the essence of creativity if we cannot be guided by handiwork? How else than by directing ourselves toward that which is to be created, toward the work? Although the work only becomes an actual work on completion of creation, and thus depends in its working actuality on this, the essence of creativity is defined in terms of the essence of the work. Although the createdness of the work has a relation to creativity, nevertheless createdness as well as creativity must be defined in terms of the work-being of the work. And now we need no longer wonder why we at first and for so long a time concerned ourselves only with the work, before finally bringing createdness into view. If createdness belongs as essentially to the work as the word "work" makes it sound, then we must seek to understand even more essentially that which until now was defined as the work-being of the work.

In view of the definition of the essence of the work which we have reached, according to which the moving into the moment of truth is at work in the work, we can characterize creation as letting something proceed into something which has been brought forth. The procedure by which a work becomes a work is a way in which truth moves into the moment. Everything lies in the essence of truth. But what is truth, that it must move into the moment in something created? In what sense does truth have a fundamental and essential tendency toward the work? Can this be grasped in terms of the essence of truth as it has been elucidated up to this point?

Truth is un-truth insofar as the realm of what is as yet undiscovered and unconcealed belongs to it in the sense of being concealed in it. At the same time the other "un-" of twofold resistance has its essential orientation in un-concealedness (truth). Truth is essentially oriented as truth in the drawing against one another of clearing and twofold concealment. Truth is the primordial contention within which the open, into which everything enters or restrains itself that shows or withdraws itself as an existant, is worked out in any of several ways. No matter when and how this contention breaks out and moves into the moment, through it the contenders, clearing and concealment, step out of each other and become distinguishable. In this manner the openness of the field of contention is worked out. The revealed openness of the open, i.e., truth, can only be what it is, namely *this* revelation, if it can intrench itself and as long as it has intrenched itself in the open. For this reason there must always be an existant in this open within which the revelation takes its stand and receives its constancy. Insofar as the revelation besets the open it holds it open and bears it up. Setting and besetting are here and everywhere to be thought in the Greek sense of θέσις, which means building up a basis in unconcealedness.

With the allusion to the self-intrenchment of revelation into the open, thought touches upon an area which cannot yet be fully unfolded here. Let it suffice to say that if the essence of the unconcealedness of the existant belongs in any way to being itself (compare Sein und Zeit, #44), then being lets the field of play of revelation (the illuminated clearing of the there) move into the moment out of its essence and introduces this clearing directly as that in which every existant in its way emerges.

Truth moves into the moment only by intrenching itself within the contention and field of play which truth itself is opening up. Since truth is the turning upon one another of clearing and concealment, that which we are here calling intrenchment belongs to it. But truth is not previously available in itself somewhere in the stars, in order then later to settle down somewhere within the existant. This is impossible simply because the revelation of the existant first yields the possibility of a somewhere and of a place where something is present. Illumination of revelation and intrenchment in the open belong together. They are one and the same essence of the movement of truth into the moment. This movement is in manifold ways historically momentous.

An essential way in which truth intrenches itself within the existant which it has disclosed is truth's setting itself into the work. Another way in which truth gains essential orientation is through the activity of founding a state. Again another way in which truth comes to light is through the proximity of that which is not merely an existant but the existant in the highest degree. Yet another way in which truth founds itself is through the essential sacrifice. Another way in which truth comes forth is the inquiry of the thinker, which, as the thinking of being, deems being worthy of questioning. On the other hand, Science is not an original moment of truth, but always the development of an already open realm of truth, which is done by collecting and substantiating whatever shows itself within this region as possibly or necessarily correct. Whenever a science reaches beyond what is correct to a truth, and that means to an essential uncovering of the existant on its own terms, then it is philosophy.

Because it belongs to the essence of truth to intrench itself in the existant in order thereby first to become truth, the tending toward the work lies in the essence of truth as a distinct possibility for truth to be existant in the midst of the existant.

The intrenchment of truth in the work is the bringing forth of an existant which was not previously and will never be again afterwards. The bringing forth sets this existant in the open in such a way that it illuminates for the first time the openness of the open into which it enters. Wherever the bringing forth reveals the existant on its own terms, i.e., brings out the truth, then that which is brought forth is a work. Such a bringing forth is creativity. As a bringing it is actually a taking in and taking out within the tensions relative to unconcealedness. But if this is creativity, in what, then, does createdness consist? This can be made clearer by means of two pertinent definitions.

Truth directs itself into the work. Truth finds its essential orientation only in the contention between clearing and concealment in the co-presence of world and earth turning upon one another. Truth demands to be directed and intrenched into the work as this contention between world and earth. The contention is not meant to be suspended in some existant which is appropriately to be brought forth, nor is it meant to be neatly disposed of, but rather it is meant to be opened up out of the existant. This existant must therefore itself embody the essential tensions of the contention. In the contention the unity of world and earth is worked out. As a world opens itself, it places before an historically-momentous people victory and defeat, blessing and curse, mastery and servitude, and demands decisive action. The emergent world brings that which is still undecided and unproportioned into appearance and thus discloses the concealed necessity for proportion and decision.

But as a world opens itself, the earth asserts itself. It shows itself as that which carries everything, as that concealed in its setting, as constantly self-retaining. World demands its decisiveness and its proportions and lets the existant enter into the openness of the paths it has blazed. Earth endeavors to retain itself in a carrying-expansive manner and to adapt everything to its setting. Contention does not draw out in the sense of drawing open a cleft, but rather contention is the intimate moving-against-one-another of the contenders. This drawing out draws together those which turn upon one another into the source of their unity in the unified ground. Thus it draws the basic pattern. It is the drawing up which sketches out the fundamental tensions of the emergent clearing of the existant. This drawing out does not allow those which turn upon one another to burst asunder; it draws a single outline around the contending limits and proportions.

Truth intrenches itself as contention in an existant to be brought forth only in such a way that contention opens up within the existant, i.e., that this existant itself is drawn into this drawing-out as its delineation. The drawing-out as delineation is the unified tension which has been drawn up and drawn together, drawn through and drawn around. Truth intrenches itself within the existant in such a way that the existant besets the openness of truth. But this besetting can only move into the moment insofar as that which is to be brought forth, the delineation, adapts itself to the self-retentive earth which expands into the open. The delineation must settle into the weight and gravity of the stone, into the mute hardness of the wood, into the dark glow of the colors. As the earth draws the delineation back into itself, the delineation is for the first time turned out into the open and set into its expansive, self-retaining setting.

A contention which has been drawn out into a delineation and set back into the earth and thereby stabilized is a configuration, a Gestalt. Createdness of the work means: the stabilizing of truth into a configuration. The configuration is the articulation as which the delineation articulates itself. The articulated delineation is the artistic appearance of truth. That which is here called the configuration must always be thought in terms of that stabilizing and stabilization as which the work acts insofar as it builds itself up and turns itself out.

In the creation of the work the contention, as the delineation, must be set back into earth and self-retaining earth must be exposed and used. But this using does not use up and misuse earth as a material, but rather for the first time sets it free to utilize its own potential. This using of earth is a working with it, which, as it so happens, looks like the employment of material in handiwork. Thus it appears as if the creation of the work also is an activity of handiwork or craftsmanship. It is never that. But it always remains a using of earth in the stabilizing of truth into a configuration. On the other hand, the manufacture or preparation of the artifact is never directly the working out of the moment of truth. When an artifact has been manufactured, a material has been formed in preparation for use. When an artifact is ready for use, it means that it has been released beyond itself to be consumed in service.

This is not the case with the createdness of the work. This will become clear if we look at the second characteristic of createdness, which may be introduced at this point.

The manufactual readiness of the artifact and the createdness of the work are both the result of a bringing forth. But the createdness of the work is different from any other bringing forth because it is created right along with the created entity. But cannot this be said about everything which has been brought forth or which has somehow been generated? For everything which has been brought forth, the fact of its having been brought forth must surely accompany it, if anything at all does. Certainly, but in the work createdness is incorporated into that which is created in its own terms, and therefore it also expresses itself and projects itself as createdness our of that which has been brought forth. If this is so, then we should also be able to experience this createdness in the work directly and in its own terms.

The forthcoming of createdness out of the work does not obligate us to notice that a work has been produced by a great artist. No attempt is being made to show that the created entity is the accomplishment of some clever fellow who therefore deserves more public recognitions. It is not the N. N. fecit which concerns us here, but rather the simple factum est with regard to the work: just this, that the unconcealedness of the existant has here moved into the moment and for the first time moves into the open as this moment; just this, that such a work is, and is not nought. The impact which the work produces because it is a work and the incessancy of this unpretentious impact constitutes the steadfastness of self-containment in the work. This impact, this "that it is" of createdness, steps forward out of the work in its purest form precisely when the artist, the process and the circumstances regarding the generation of the work remain unknown.

To be sure, "that" it has been manufactured is something which belongs also to any artifact which has been manufactured or put to use. But this "that it is" does not step forward out of the artifact; it disappears in service. The handier an artifact, for example, a hammer, is, the less conspicuous is it as a hammer; that is, the more completely does the artifact withhold itself from view within its artifactuality. We can always make the effort to notice the presence of something which is available to us, but we have hardly taken notice before we again forget, as is the fashion with the familiar. What is after all more familiar than the fact that an existant is? In the work, on the other hand, this fact, that it is as it is, is something unfamiliar and unexpected. The display of its createdness does not simply tag along in the work. Rather, the displayed evidence that the work is precisely this work fore-casts the work and has always cast its glow over it. The more essentially the work discloses itself, the more glowingly evident becomes the uniqueness of the fact that it is and is not nought. The more essentially this impact comes out into the open, the more the work isolates and consolidates itself. In bringing forth the work attention is called to the fact "that is is."

The inquiry after the createdness of the work was meant to bring us closer to the workliness of the work and thereby to its working actuality. Createdness uncovered itself as the stabilizing of contention by means of the delineation into the configuration. In this way createdness itself has been expressly incorporated into the work and stands as the silent impact which pushes "that it is" into the open. But the working actuality of the work is not exhausted in createdness either. On the contrary, our examination of the essence of the createdness of the work puts us in a position to take the final step in the direction pointed out by everything which has so far been said.

The more consolidated the work stands in itself, stabilized into its configuration, the more completely it appears to have loosened all its relations to mankind, the simpler it is for the impact of the fact that such a work is to step into the open, and the more essentially is something uncomfortably spectacular pushed up and that which has appeared comfortably familiar until now pushed over. But this manifold impact is in no way violent; for the more completely the work itself is drawn out into the openness which the work itself has disclosed, the more simply does it draw us into this openness and thus at the same time withdraw us from the familiar. To follow this shift means to change one's familiar relationships to world and earth and from then on to hold in check all of one's usual activities and desires, views and cognitions, in order to abide within the truth which has moved into the moment in the work. The self-restraint which makes this abiding possible first lets that which has been created be the work which it is. This letting the work be a work we call the substantiation of the work. Only in substantiation does the work yield itself in its createdness as actual, i.e., as something workingly present.

Just as a work can scarcely be without having been created, and has essential need of creators, so the created entity can scarcely become existent without substantiators.

However, if a work does not find substantiators, or does not find them immediately prepared to respond to and bespeak the truth which has moved into the moment within the work, this does not mean that the work is a work independent of substantiators. On the other hand, if it is a work, it always remains intensely related to its substantiators, even when and especially when it is at first only waiting for these substantiators and lives in the hope and expectation of their entering into its truth. Even the forgetfulness into which a work can fall is not strictly nothing; it is still a kind of substantiation. It lives off the work. Substantiating the work means: standing in the revelation of the existant which has moved into the moment within the work. The in-stancy of the substantiation is moreover a kind of knowledge, a seeing in the broadest sense. This seeing does not consist in the mere recognition and conceptualization of some thing. Whoever truly sees the existant, knows the sense of his volition in the midst of the existant.

The volition named here, which neither first puts a knowledge to use nor terminates it prematurely, has been thought out in line with the fundamental experience of thought in Sein und Zeit. The seeing which remains a volition and the volition which remains a seeing is the existing human being's ecstatic entering into the unconcealedness of being. Resolution, as thought in Sein und Zeit, is not some kind of action decided upon by a subject, but the release of Dasein, the human mode of being-there, from its captivity within the existant. However, in existence, the human being does not first leave an interior for an exterior. Rather, the essence of existence is the out-standing in-stance within the essential discrimination of the clearing of the existant. Neither in the previously mentioned creativity nor in the here named volition is there any thought concerning the accomplishment and the activity of a subject who sets himself as the purpose of it all and aspires to attain this purpose.

Volition is the steady resolution of an out-standing self-transcendence as it exposes itself to the revelation of the existant which has been set into work. In this way the in-stance sets itself into its setting and accepts its setting as lawful. The substantiation of the work is, as seeing, the steady instancy within the uncomfortably spectacular thereness of the truth which has moved into the moment in the work.

This seeing knowledge, which as volition comes to be at home in the truth of the work and only in this manner remains a seeing, does not deprive the work of its autonomy, does not demote the work to the role of an experience stimulator. The substantiation of the work does not individuate human beings in terms of their individual experiences but draws them into a participation in the truth which has moved into the moment in the work; and thus this awareness grounds their being for and with one another, as the historically momentous exposure of the human being-there, in its tensional relationship to unconcealedness. Therefore, seeing or knowledge as a substantiation is far from being merely a connoisseur's taste for the formal elements of the work, its qualities and charms as such. Knowledge as seeing results in decisiveness; it is in-stance within the contention which the work has articulated into a delineation.

The correct way in which to substantiate the work is initially created along with the work and is indicated solely by the work itself. Substantiation takes place on different levels of seeing and knowing, with corresponding differences in scope, clarity, and persistence. It has yet to be proved that works are substantiated as works when they are offered merely for aesthetic enjoyment.

As soon as the impact into the uncomfortably spectacular is deflected into the familiar and toward the connoisseur, then the art business has taken over with respect to the work. Even the careful preservation of works and scientific attempts to reconstruct them never again reach what the works themselves are, but only a remembrance of them. Even this can furnish the work with a site from which it can help shape history. On the other hand, that working actuality which is the work's very own only comes to bear when the work is substantiated within the truth which has moved into the moment through the work itself.

The fundamental tensions of the working actuality of the work have been defined with respect to the essence of work-being. Now we can return again to the introductory question: how do matters stand with regard to that thingliness in the work which somehow obscures the immediacy of its working actuality? It turns out that we no longer want to inquire after the thingliness in the work; for as long as we ask about its thingliness, we are forced to accept the work immediately and forever as an object ready at hand. In this way we shall never inquire in terms of the work but always from our point of view. From our point of view: this means that we can never let the work be a work, that we can never let it be without presupposing it to be an object which somehow effects certain states and responses in us.

However, in the work conceived of as an object, that which looks like thingness, in the ordinary sense of thing, is, when experienced in terms of the work, the earthiness of the work. The earth expands into the work because the work has its essential orientation as something in which truth is at work and because truth is essentially oriented only insofar as it intrenches itself in an existant. The revelation of the open finds its greatest resistance in the earth as the essentially self-retaining, and thereby finds the site for the stationary stand into which the configuration has to be stabilized.

Was it superfluous then to go into the question of the thingliness of the thing? Not at all. To be sure, workliness cannot be defined in terms of thingliness, but on the other hand, the question of the thingliness of the thing can be put upon the proper path in terms of the seeing knowledge of the workliness of the work. That is no small matter, if we remember those ancient and familiar ways of thought which have invaded the thingness of the thing and have brought into power an interpretation of the existant as a whole which remains just as unfit for the grasping of the essence of the artifact and the work as it blinds us to the original essence of truth.

Neither hindsight for the carrier of properties, nor hindsight for the whole manifold of the sensually given, nor even hindsight for the matter-form complex, taken in its own right and bereft of its artifactuality, suffices for the definition of the thingness of the thing. The foresight which will give weight and authority to an interpretation of the thingliness of the thing must be directed toward the fundamental relation of the thing to the earth. The essence of an earth which is the unconstrained self-retaining carrier will only disclose itself as it expands into a world, within that co-presence in which earth and world turn upon one another. This contention is stabilized into the configuration of the work and is revealed through the work. What applies to the artifact, namely that we first properly experience the artifactuality of the artifact through the work, applies also to the thingliness of the thing. The fact that we never see and know anything of thingliness directly and distinctly, and therefore have need of the work to help us out, shows indirectly that in the work's work-being the momentousness of truth, the disclosure of the existant, is at work.

But, we might finally object, does not the work for its part have to be brought into a relationship with the things of the earth, with nature, even before its creation and in order for it to be created, if it is to draw thingliness into the open in a valid way? Did not Albrecht Dürer, who must have known something about the matter, once say the well-known words: "For truly art sticks fast in Nature; whoever can draw it out, has it." "Draw out" means here the extraction of the delineation in order to draw the delineation with a stylus upon the drawing board. But immediately we counter: how shall the delineation be drawn out if it is not brought into the open as a delineation, that is, if it has not been brought forth beforehand, as the contention of proportion and disproportion, by means of a creative fore-cast? Certainly a delineation, a delimitation and proportion, sticks fast within nature, and with it a capacity to bring forth, called art. But it is equally certain that this art in nature is first revealed through the work, because originally it sticks fast in the work.

Our efforts concerning the working actuality of the work are meant to prepare the ground so that we may find art and its essence in the working work. The inquiry after the essence of art, the way to see it and know it, must first be grounded again upon bedrock. The answer to the question, like every genuine answer, is only the final step in a long series of steps along the path of inquiry. Every answer retains its power as an answer only as long as it is rooted in the inquiry.

The working actuality of the work has not only become clearer to us in terms of what it is to be a work, but has also at the same time become essentially richer. Those who substantiate the work belong to the createdness of the work just as essentially as its creators. But it is the work which makes the creators possible in their essence and whose own essence requires those who substantiate it. If art is the origin of the work, then that means that art lets the essential correlatives of the work, the creators and the substantiators, spring up within its essence. But what is art itself, that we have the right to call it an origin?

The momentousness of truth is in the work, and it is there in the manner of a work at work. Accordingly, the essence of art was defined in advance as the setting-into-work of truth. Yet this definition is consciously ambiguous. It says in the first place: art is the stabilizing of the self-intrenching truth into the configuration. This happens in creation as the bringing forth of the unconcealedness of the existant. But setting-into-work means also: setting that which it is to be a work in motion and moving it into the moment. This happens as substantiation. Thus art is the creative substantiation of truth in the work. Therefore art is the bringing about and moment of truth. Is then truth generated out of nothing? Yes, indeed, if we mean by nothing the mere nought of the existant and if the existant, presupposed as something familiar and at hand, is subsequently brought to light as an illusion by the presence of a work, an illusion shattered by the work itself. Truth can never be gleaned from the handy and familiar. Rather, the open opens up and the clearing of the existant moves into the moment only because the revelations, arriving in its apportioned cast, is fore-cast.

Truth, as the clearing and concealment of the existant, moves into the moment by being poetically realized. All art, insofar as it lets the arrival of the truth of the existant move into the moment as that which it is, is in essence poetry, in its broadest sense. The essence of art, within which pre-eminently the work of art and the artist repose, is the setting-itself-into-work of truth. The poetic essence of art allows truth to crack open in the midst of the existant an open place in whose openness everything is different from the usual. As a result of the fore-cast, now set into work, of the unconcealedness of the existant which is casting itself in our direction, everything familiar and hitherto prevalent existant in terms of cause and effect connections. The workability of the work does not consist in a causation. It rests in a change, brought into the moment from out of the work itself, in the unconcealedness of the existant, which is to say, of Being.

Poetry is, moreover, no wandering, arbitrary recollection and no suspension of mere suppositions and fantasies in fictive unreality. What poetry, as the illuminating fore-cast, unfolds concerning unconcealedness and casts forth into the delineation of the configuration is the open, which is allowed to move into the moment in such a manner that now the open for the first time permits, in the midst of the existant, the existant itself to glow and ring. Within the essential view of the essence of the work and its relational tensions to the momentousness of the truth of the existant, it becomes questionable if the essence of poetry, and this means, at the same time, of the fore-cast delineation, can be adequately thought out in terms of imagination.

Let us hold on to the essence of poetry in the way it is here broadly but not therefore indistinctly experienced, as something worthy of inquiry which first must be thought about.

If all art is in essence poetry, then the arts of architecture, painting and music must be reduced to the art of poetry. This is sheer caprice. That is, it is caprice as long as we hold the opinion that these arts are subspecies of the language arts, assuming that we may characterize the art of poetry by means of this easily misinterpretable title. But the art of poetry is only one way of fore-casting truth in an illuminating manner, i.e., of poetizing, in this wider sense. At the same time we will not deny that the literary work of art, the poem in the narrower sense, has a distinguished place within the whole of the arts.

In order to see this, it is only necessary to have a correct conception of language. The current and accepted supposition is one of language as a means of communication. Language serves for conversation and collaboration, in general for reaching agreement. But language is not only and not primarily a spoken and written expression of that which one is trying to communicate. It does not simply propagate in words and sentences what is meant to be revealed and concealed; rather, language brings for the very first time into the open the existant as something which is. Where language has no essential orientation, as in the being of a stone, plant, and animal, there is also no revelation of the existant and consequently also no such revelation of the non-existant and of emptiness.

Since language names the existant for the first time, such naming brings the existant initially to words and into appearance. This naming assigns the existant its being in terms of that being. Diction in this sense is a fore-cast of the illumination in which an indication is given as to how the existant will appear in the open. Fore-casting is the release of the proportioned cast which unconcealedness takes on as it moves into the existant as such. The fore-casting indication immediately brings about the abdication of all the musty entanglements in which the existant veils and withdraws itself.

Fore-casting diction is poetry; the saying and showing of world and earth, the saying and showing of the field of play of their contention, and with that, of the dwelling places, near and far, of the gods. Poetry is the saying and showing of the unconcealedness of the existant. A particular language is the momentousness of that diction in which the world of a people emerges momentously-historically for them and the earth is preserved and substantiated as the undisclosed. Fore-casting diction is that which, in preparing the sayable, simultaneously brings the unsayable as such into the world. In such diction, the concepts which mold an historical people's essence, i.e., their participation in momentous world-history, are preformed for them.

Poetry is thought here in so broad a sense and at the same time in such intimate essential unity with language and the word, that it must remain open whether art in all its modes, from architecture to the literary arts, exhausts the essence of poetry.

Language itself is poetry in the essential sense. Therefore, because language is that momentousness in which at any time an existant first discloses itself to man as what it is, poesy, or poetry in the narrower sense, is most directly poetry in the essential sense. Language is not poetry because it is proto-poesy, but rather poesy proclaims itself in language because the latter preserves the original essence of poetry. Building, painting, and sculpturing on the other hand, always and only move into the moment within the open of saying and naming. They are governed and guided throughout by the latter. For this reason they also are proper ways and means by which truth directs itself into the work. They are, each in its own way, proper poetic realizations within the clearing of a existant which has already and imperceptibly moved into the moment within language.

Art, as the setting-into-work of truth, is poetry. Not only is the creation of the work poetic; so is the substantiation of the work, but in its own way. For a work is only at work as a work if we draw ourselves out of that which is familiar to us and draw into that which is opened up by the work, in order thereby to station our own essence within the truth of the existant.

The essence of art is poetry. But the essence of poetry is the institution of truth. We understand instituting here in a threefold sense: instituting as bestowing, instituting as founding, and instituting as inception. But institution only works within substantiation. Thus to every means of instituting there corresponds a similar way in which to substantiate. We can do no more now than try to sketch this essential structure of art, and shall simply rely on the earlier characterization of the essence of the work to provide us with an initial hint.

The setting-into-work of truth pushes up the uncomfortably spectacular and simultaneously pushes over the comfortable as well as that which one takes to be familiar. The truth which opens itself up in the work can never be verified or derived in terms of what has hitherto prevailed. The hitherto prevalent in its restricted actuality is invalidated by the work. What art institutes can therefore never be counterbalanced and compensated for by what is available and adaptable. The institution is a superfluity, an outpouring, a spontaneous bestowing.

Furthermore, the poetic fore-cast of truth, which stabilizes itself into the work as a configuration, is never discharged into an indefinite void. Truth is instead apportioned in the work to those who are coming to substantiate it, i.e., to a momentously-historical mankind. Yet the apportioned cast which has been fore-cast is never something which arbitrarily makes demands. The truly poetic fore-cast is an opening up of that into which historically-momentous human being, Dasein, has already been cast. This is earth, which for an historically-momentous people is their earth, the self-retaining ground upon which this people rests together with all that they are, though this is still concealed from them. But in terms of the relational tensions between the being-there of human being and the unconcealedness of Being it is their world which reigns. Therefore everything which has been apportioned to mankind must be brought up in the fore-cast out of the retaining ground and set upon it in its own proper way. In this way the ground is first founded as the carrying foundation.

Because it is a bringing up, all creation is a drawing out, as water is drawn out of a well. Modern subjectivism of course at once misinterprets this drawing out in the sense of the ingenious accomplishment of the authoritative subject. The institution of truth is institution not only in the sense of spontaneous bestowal, but institution also in the sense of this foundation-laying grounding. According to hindsight, the poetic fore-cast comes out of nothing, because the fore-cast never takes what it bestows out of the commonplace and hitherto prevalent. Nevertheless, it never comes out of nothing because that which is apportioned by it is only the withheld definition of the historically-momentous being-there of human being itself.

Bestowal and founding have in common the unexpectedness of what we call an inception. Yet this incipiency of inception, the special property of a spring out of the unanticipated, does not preclude preparation, but rather requires that the inception unobstrusively prepare itself for the longest time. Genuine inception is always itself an anticipation in which everything which is to come is already taken in, though it be yet veiled. The inception already contains the end concealed within it. Genuine inception has of course nothing in common with the rudimentariness of the primitive. The primitive is always without a future because it is neither an unanticipated founding and bestowing nor in any sense an anticipation. It is incapable of releasing anything else out of itself because it contains no more than that in which it is incarcerated.

Inception, on the other hand, always contains the undisclosed abundance of the uncomfortably spectacular, which is to say, of contention with the comfortable and familiar. Art as poetry is institution in the third sense as well; it is institution as instigation of the contention of truth; it is institution as inception. Whenever the existant as a whole demands to be grounded in openness as that which it is, art enters into its historically-momentous essence as institution. In the occident art as institution moved into the moment for the first time in Greece. The standard for what from then on was to be called Being was thereby set into work. All that was thus opened up was then transformed into the existant as created by God. That happened in the Middle Ages. This existant was again transformed in the course of modern times. The existant became the transparent object of calculating control. Each time a new and essential world broke open. Each time the openness of the existant had to be intrenched in the existant by means of the stabilizing of truth into a configuration. Each time an unconcealedness of the existant moved into the moment. It sets itself into work, a setting which art brings about.

Whenever art moves into the moment, i.e., whenever there is an inception, there is an impact in history and momentous history begins again or for the first time. Momentous history does not mean here the temporal sequence of a variety of events, be they ever so important. Momentous history is the drawing out of a people into their commitment as their drawing into their apportionment.

Art is the setting-into-work of truth. An essential ambiguity is concealed in this statement, according to which truth is simultaneously subject and object of the setting. But "subject" and "object" are unsuitable names in this context. They make it difficult to contemplate this twofold essence, something which is beyond the scope of our present discussion. Art is historically momentous and is momentously historical as the creative substantiation of truth in the work. Art moves into the moment as poetry. Poetry is institution in the threefold sense of bestowal, founding and inception. As institution, art is essentially historical. This does not mean merely that art has a history in the superficial sense, that it too occurs, along with much else, in the course of time, that it changes and perishes and offers changing perspectives to history. Art is history in the essential sense that it founds momentous history.

Art lets truth arise. As instituting substantiation, art originates the truth of the existant in the work. That which makes something comeforth, that which institutes a springing out of the essential source: this is the meaning of the word "origin."

Art is the origin of the work of art, and at the same time the origin of the creators and of the substantiators, which is to say, art is the origin of the historically-momentous being-there of a people. This is so because art is in its essence an origin: a distinctive way in which truth becomes existent, i.e., historically momentous.

We inquire after the essence of art. Why do we so inquire? We inquire so in order to be able to ask more properly and in our own way whether art is an origin with respect to our own historical Dasein or not, whether and under what conditions it can and must be an origin.

Such contemplation is not capable of influencing art of forcing its advent. But this contemplative seeing and knowing is the preliminary and therefore unavoidable preparation for the advent of art. Only such seeing and knowing readies the space for the work, the way for the creator and the station for the substantiator.

In such seeing and knowing, which can only grow slowly, a decision is reached whether art can be an origin, and thereby an anticipation, or whether it shall remain merely a supplement, which can only be carried along as a customary adjunct to culture.

Are we in our being-there as human beings momentously-historically at the origin? Do we know, do we pay any attention to the essence of origin? Or do we, in our bearing toward art, rely today only on an educated acquaintance with the past?

There is an unmistakeable sign regarding this either-or and its outcome. Hölderlin, a poet with whose work with Germans have yet to reckon, has said it in the following words:

"Reluctant is that,
Its origin near, to relinquish its place."
Die Wanderung IV, 167[5]

Epilogue

The present reflections have to do with the enigma of art, the riddle that is art itself. No claim is made that the riddle is solved. The problem is to see the riddle.

That way of thinking which is concerned specifically with art and artists has been called aesthetics almost from its inception. Aesthetics takes the work of art as an object, the object of αἴσθησις, of sense perception in the broadest sense. Today we call this perception experience. The manner in which man experiences art is said to give information about its essence. And experience is not only the standard source for the enjoyment of art. It is the source of art's creation as well. Everything is experience. Yet perhaps experience is the element in which art dies. The dying proceeds so slowly that it takes several centuries.

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[5] [Hellingrath edition, 1923.]

Of course we speak of undying works of art and of art as an eternal value. We speak this way in a language which is none too precise with respect to anything essential, because it fears that to be precise means, in the last analysis, to think. What fear is greater today than the fear of thinking? Is there anything worthwhile, anything concrete, in this talk of immortal works and of the eternal value of art? Or are these now only half-thought ways of talking at a time when great art together with its essence has foresaken mankind?

In the most comprehensive contemplation of the essence of art (because it is thought in terms of metaphysics) which the Occident possesses, in Hegel's Lectures on Aesthetics, we find these lines:

> For us art is no longer the highest way in which truth secures its existence. (WW. X, 1, p. 134)[6]
>
> It is to be hoped that art will continue to rise and fulfill itself, but its form has ceased to be the highest requirement of the spirit. (*Ibid*., p. 135)
>
> In all these relationships art is and remains for us a thing of the past, when seen from the perspective of its highest definition. (X, 1, p. 16)

We cannot escape Hegel's dictum by observing that we have seen many new works of art and many new directions in art arise since Hegel's lectures in aesthetics were last given in the winter of 1828-29 in the University of Berlin. Hegel never wanted to deny this possibility. Yet the question remains: Is art still an essential and a necessary way in which that truth which is decisive for our historically momentous being-there moves into the moment? If it is not, then the question remains, why not? The final verdict regarding Hegel's dictum has not yet been handed down, for behind this judgment stands Occidental thought since the Greeks, whose thought bespeaks an existential truth which has already moved into the moment. The final verdict regarding this dictum will be handed down, if it is handed down at all, in terms of this existential truth and with respect to it. Until then the dictum remains in force. But for this reason, if for no other, we must ask if the truth expressed in this dictum is irrevocable, as well as consider what happens if indeed it is final.

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[6] [Heinrich Gustav Hotho's 1835 edition, reprinted by Glockner in volume 12 of the Jubiläum edition (Stuttgart, 1964).]

Such questions, which sometimes directly concern us and sometimes only indirectly, can only be asked if we first contemplate the essence of art. We attempt to take a few steps by posing the question of the origin of the work of art. The point is to bring the work-character of the work into view. The work "origin" here is thought in terms of the essence of truth.

The truth of which we speak is not congruent with what we usually call truth, that quality which we parcel out to science and cognition and contrast with the good and the beautiful, which serve as names for values involved in nontheoretical relationships.

Truth is the unconcealedness of the existant as existant. Truth is the truth of being. Beauty is not an independent entity next to truth. It appears as the brilliance with which truth sets itself into work. Beauty is the brilliance, the brilliance of the being of truth in and as the work. Thus the beautiful belongs to the manifestation of truth. Beauty is not merely relative to taste, nor simply the object of taste. If beauty takes this form it is only because the _forma_ once shone forth out of being as the existentiality of the existant. Once, long ago, being manifested itself as εἶδος. The ἰδέα articulates itself in the μορφή. The σύνολον, the united whole of μορφή and ὕλη, that is to say, the ἔργον, *is* in the manner of ἐνέργεια. This way of presentation becomes the *actualitas* of the *ens actu*. *Actualitas* becomes reality. Reality becomes objectivity. Objectivity becomes experience. The inherent concurrence of beauty with truth is concealed in the way in which the existant becomes the real for the Occidental world. The essential history of occidental art corresponds to the change-in-essence of truth. This cannot be grasped in terms of an autonomous concept of beauty any more than in terms of experience, assuming, that is, that the metaphysical concept of art penetrates its essence at all.

Postscript

On pages 135 and 149 [of this translation] the careful reader may run into difficulty, insofar as it appears that the phrases having to do with the "stabilizing of truth" and "allowing truth to move into the movement" can never be reconciled. For "stabilizing" expresses a will to seal off arrival and thus prevent movement, whereas *allowing* a movement into the moment indicates a non-willing adaptation to whatever may come.

The difficulty resolves itself if we think "stabilizing" in the sense which is intended throughout the entire text of the essay and in particular in the guideline: "set-into-work." "Stabilize" means "to bring to stand" and belongs with "set" and "lay," which together express the three meanings still retained as one in the Latin ponere.

We must think "stabilizing" and "establishing" in the sense of θέσις. Thus we find on page 130:

> "Setting and besetting are here and everywhere (!) to be thought in the Greek sense of θέσις, which **means** building up a basis in unconcealedness."

The Greek "set" means: to stabilize by letting a statue, for example, arise and come to stand; it means: to lay as in the laying down of a sacrifice. Stabilizing and laying have the sense of turning out into unconcealedness and bringing forth into presence, i.e., of presentation. Setting and stabilizing nowhere in this essay conform to the modern notion of a response-eliciting opposition (to an ego-subject). The standing of the statue (i.e., the presence of the appearing brilliance) is different from a standing opposite in the sense of an object. "Standing" (cf. p. 87) is the constancy of the brilliance. In the dialectic of Kant and the German Idealists, on the other hand, thesis-antithesis-synthesis means a placing within the sphere of subjectivity of consciousness. Accordingly, Hegel interpreted--correctly, in terms of his own position--the Greek θέσις in the sense of the direct or immediate positing of the object. This positing is therefore untrue for him, because it is not yet mediated through antithesis and synthesis. (cf. here: "Hegel and the Greeks" in the *Festschrift für M.-G. Gadamer*, 1960.)

But if, in the essay on the work of art, we keep in view the Greek sense of θέσις: presentation in its brilliance and presence, then even if we take "stabilizing" to mean "make fast" (as in the German *fest-stellen*), it can never have the sense of rigid, immobile and secure.

"Fast" means: drawn around, admitted within the limits (πέρας), brought within the outline (cf. p. 133f.). The boundary or limit, in the Greek sense, does not seal off, but rather brings, as something brought forth, the presence for the first time into appearance. Limitation exposes into unconcealment; by means of its outline in the Greek light, the mountain stands in its expansiveness and respose. The fastening boundary is its containment--reposing in the abundance of mobility. All this applies to the work in the Greek sense of ἔργον, whose "being" is ἐνέργεια, which gathers into itself infinitely more movement than the modern "energies."

Thus the correctly thought "stabilizing" of truth need by no means run counter to "allowing truth to move into the moment." For on the one hand this "allowing" is no passivity, but maximum activity in the sense of θέσις, (cf. Vorträge und Aufsätze, p. 49), a "working out" and "willing" which is characterized in the present essay on p. 142 as the "existing human being's ecstatic entering into the unconcealedness of being." On the other hand, the "moving into the moment" is the movement dominant in clearing and concealment, or more exactly, in their unity, as the illumination of self-concealment as such, which is the source of all self-illumination. This "movement," in fact, calls for a stabilizing in the sense of a bringing forth, in which the bringing is to be understood in the meaning given it on page 133, where is it stated that the creative (drawing forth) bringing forth is "actually a taking in and taking out within the tensions relative to unconcealedness."

The meaning of the noun "stabilization" as used on page 135 is also defined in accordance with the above explications: the gathering together of the bringing-to-the-fore, of the letting-arrive in the delineated outline (πέρας). "Stabilization" (*Ge*-*Stell*) thought in this way clarifies the Greek sense of μορφή as configuration (Gestalt). And in fact, when *Ge*-*Stell* is used later expressly as the guideword for the essence of modern technology, it is again thought in terms of such a "stabilization," although it is then translated as "standardization."[7] Such associations are essential because they reflect the momentous history of being. Standardization as the essence of modern technology derives from "presentation" as experienced by the Greeks in λόγος as well as in the Greek ποίησις and θέσις. In the stabiling of the stabilization, or as we may now say, in the effort to hold everything which lies before us determinate and secure, we hear the claim of the *ratio reddenda*, i.e., of the λόγον διδόναι, in such a way, of course, that now this claim takes over control of the unconditional elements within the stabilization, while presentation as the Greeks perceived it now firms and confirms itself in accordance with secure and determined standards.

In listening to the words stabilizing and stabilization in *The Origin of the Work of Art*, we must push aside the modern meaning of the terms and yet not overlook the fact that the being which exemplifies modern times as standardization to the extent that it does originates in the Western order of being and was not contrived by philosophers but was rather implicitly there for thinkers to think about. (cf. Vorträge und Aufsätze, p. 28 and p. 49.)

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[7] *Ge*-*Stell* has nothing to do with bookracks (*Büchergestell*) or montage.

It is difficult to explicate the definitions of "intrenchment" and "self-intrenchment of truth within the existant" which are concisely given on pp. 130-131. Again we must avoid taking the German einrichten in the modern sense of "organizing" and adjusting (although it is so used in the lecture on technology). Rather, "intrenchment" refers to the "tending of truth toward the work" mentioned on page 132, so that truth may become existent in the midst of an existant which is itself workingly existent (p. 132).

If we consider that truth as the unconcealedness of the existant purports nothing else than the presence of the existant as such, i.e., Being (cf. p. 150), then the discussion of the self-intrenchment of truth, i.e., of Being, within the existant touches upon just that which is worth inquiring into with regard to ontological difference (cf. *Identität und Differenz*, 1957, p. 37ff.). Thus we find the following careful statement (*The Origin of the Work of Art*, p. 130: "With the allusion to the self-intrenchment of revelation into the open, thought touches upon an area which cannot yet be fully unfolded here." The entire essay *The Origin of the Work of Art* moves consciously, yet without saying so, along the path of the inquiry after the essence of Being. The reflection on what *art* may be is completely and resolutely defined in terms of the inquiry after *Being*. Art is to be considered neither as the achievement sphere of a culture nor as a manifestation of mind or spirit; it belongs to that *display* in terms of which the "sense of Being" first defines itself (compare *Sein und Zeit*). What art may be is one of those questions for which no answers are given in the treatise. If anything creates the impression of being such an answer, it is actually a pointer for the conducting of an inquiry (cf. the first sentences of the epilogue).

Among the pointers are two *important hints* on p. 149 and p. 159. Both places treat of an "ambiguity." On p. 159 an "essential ambiguity" is mentioned with respect to the definition of art as the "setting-into-work of truth." Accordingly, truth is on the one hand "subject" and on the other hand "object." *Both* characterizations remain "unsuitable." If truth is the "subject," then the definition "the setting-into-work of truth" reads "the setting-itself-into-work of truth" (cf. p. 149 and p. 87). In this case art is thought in terms of the display. But Being is exhortation of mankind and is not without this exhortation. Accordingly, art is at the same time defined as the setting-into-work of truth, whereby now truth is "object" and art is human creation and substantiation.

The other ambiguity of the setting-into-work of truth, which on p. 149 is called creation and substantiation, arises within the *human* relationship to art. According to p. 150 and p. 124, the *work* of art and the *artist* are "pre-eminently" oriented within the essence of art. The heading "the setting-into-work of truth" (who or what "sets," and how it sets, remain undefined but defin*able*) conceals the *relational tension between Being and the essence of man*, a tension which is already unsuitable thought in this phraseology--a nagging difficulty which I have been aware of since *Sein und Zeit* and which since then has been expressed in numerous versions (cf. finally "*Zur Seinsfrage*" as well as the present treatise, p. 130: "Let it suffice to say that . . .").

That which is here worthy of inquiry therefore gathers itself together into the proper topic with which we must come to terms, assembles itself at the point where we begin to brush the essence of language and of poetry, all of which in turn is only seen with respect to the belonging together of Being and Saying.

It unfortunately cannot be helped that the reader, who naturally approaches the treatise from the outside, at first and for a long time cannot comprehend and interpret the state of affairs in terms of the tacit source and reservoir of that which is given to think about. For the author himself, however, it remains necessary at every station along the way to speak in whatever kind of language is most propitious.

Language in the Poem
A Determination of Georg Trakl's Poem[1]

To determine means for us: to come to terms with a topic. It means therefore to occupy ourselves with that topic, to try to take possession of it. Coming to terms with a topic and occupying ourselves with it are the preparatory steps of a determination. We risk enough already if we content ourselves in what follows with the preparatory steps. Since it corresponds to a way of thought, the determination terminates in a question. It inquires after the topography of the topic.

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[1] The essay *Die Sprache im Gedicht* first appeared in *Merkur* 1953, Nr. 61, pp. 226-258, under the title *Georg Trakl: Eine Erörterung seines Gedichtes*. It was reprinted in the volume *Unterwegs zur Sprache*.

[The quoted lines from Trakl's poetic works have all been newly translated to conform with Heidegger's interpretation. Existing translations were usually not literal enough for our purposes here. Although no complete translation of Trakl's works has yet been produced, a growing number of his poems have appeared in English in recent years in anthologies of modern German poetry. A representative list is to be found in the Bibliography.

I have tried not to burden the text with explanatory notes, so as not to disrupt the flow of thought. However, a word is in order about the use of the English "ghost" for the German *Geist*. The mental, spiritual and spectral overtones of both "ghost" and *Geist* should not be allowed to dominate the reader's attention. It is necessary to hear also the underlying root meaning of the terms. Thus "ghost" is essentially something which excites, provokes, inflames, incenses, or otherwise arouses. Whether, in arousing, it is divine, intellectual, or ghastly depends in large measure on whom it confronts. (Tr.)]

Our determination deals with Georg Trakl only to the extent that it thinks about the topic of his Poem. This procedure may be regarded as patently narrow-minded, perhaps even as wrong, by an age interested solely in historical, biographical, psychoanalytical and sociological propositions. But a determination thinks itself into the terms of the topic.

A topic acting as a point of assembly is called a terminal. Everything runs together into it. The terminal is the point which concentrates everything at the extremity. As the center of concentration it spreads out to pervade and permeate everything. The point of assembly gathers in and preserves the assemblage, but does not encapsulate it. Rather, it radiates through and illuminates the assemblage in such a way as to focus upon its essence.

The main thing now is to determine that terminal which assembles Georg Trakl's poetic diction into his Poem, that terminal which for us is the topic of his Poem.

Every great poet fashions his poetry out of just one single Poem. His greatness is measured as the extent to which he has confidence in this one Poem, so as to be able to sustain his poetic diction wholly within it.

A poet's Poem remains unspoken. None of his individual poetic works, nor even their totality, puts it entirely into words. And yet every work speaks out of the wholeness of the one Poem and always points back to it. A wave wells up out of the Poem's topic which carries each work and transmits its diction as poetic diction. But the wave, in welling up out of the topic, does not leave it behind, but rather provides the movements of saying with a way back into the hidden source. The topic of the Poem, as the source of the emanating wave, secures the concealed essence of that which can be preconceived metaphysically-aesthetically as rhythm.

Because the Poem as a whole always remains inexpressible, the only way in which we can determine its topic is by attempting to point out the topic in terms of what is said in particular poetic works. Yet, for this purpose, every individual work will require a prior elucidation. An elucidation makes evident for the first time the lucid waves which radiate through everything which is said poetically.

One can easily see that a correct elucidation presupposes a determination. The individual poetic works radiate and ring out solely from the terminal topic of the

Poem. On the other hand a determination of the Poem requires a precursory elucidation of the individual works.

Every thoughtful dialogue with the Poem of a poet takes place within this alternation between determination and elucidation.

The appropriate communication with the Poem of a poet is of course a poetic dialogue: a poetic conversation between poets. However, a dialogue between thought and poetry is also possible and at times even necessary because each is characterized by a different and distinctive bearing toward the language which they have in common.

The goal of a conversation between poetry and thought is to call forth the essence of language, so that mortals will learn again to live within language.

The dialogue in which thought and poetry participate is a long one. It has scarcely begun. With respect to Georg Trakl's Poem it must proceed with particular restraint. A thinking dialogue with poetry can be of service to the Poem only indirectly. There is always the danger that it will disturb the diction of the Poem instead of giving it a chance to sing from within its own inner calm.

The determination of a Poem is a thoughtful dialogue with poetry. It neither presents the world view of a poet nor surveys his workshop. Above all, a determination of a Poem can never substitute for a listening to the poetic works themselves, can not even guide such listening. A thoughtful determination can at most bring the listening into question and under favorable circumstances make it more contemplative.

With these limitations in mind we shall try first to point out the topic of Trakl's unspoken Poem. In this we must proceed from the spoken poetic works. The question remains: from which? The fact that every one of Trakl's poetic works, though independent, points unwaveringly, if not in the same manner, into the topic of the Poem, attests to the remarkable harmony which his works achieve on the basis of the one fundamental note of his Poem.

Nevertheless, in our attempt to indicate the Poem's topic, we must restrict ourselves to the selection of a few stanzas, lines and phrases. It cannot be helped that this selection will appear arbitrary. At any rate, it is made for the purpose of directing our attention to the topic of the Poem, in the hope that we may suddenly catch sight of it.

I

One of Trakl's poetic works says:

> The soul is a stranger foregoing earth.

Unintentionally we all approach this sentence with a familiar preconception. The line presents us with the earth as the terrestrial in the sense of the transitory. The soul, on the other hand, is intended as the eternal, the super-terrestrial. Since Plato's time the soul has been a part of the supersensual order. Thus if it appears in the sensual world, it has only run aground. Here on "earth" it has not struck its proper course. It does not belong to earth. The soul is here "a stranger." The body is the prison of the soul, if not something worse. So there is apparently nothing left for the soul to do but to leave as soon as possible the realm of the senses, which, seen Platonically, has no true being and is merely an unessential.

Yet how remarkable! The sentence

> The soul is a stranger foregoing earth.

speaks from within a poetic work entitled "The Springtime of the Soul" (149f.).[2] In it not a word is said about a super-terrestrial home of the immortal soul. We grow thoughtful and would do well to pay some attention to the language of the poet. The soul: "a stranger." In other poetic works Trakl likes to use a similar word construction and uses it often: "a mortal" (51), "a dark one" (78, 170, 177, 195), a "solitary one" (78), "an extinct one" (101), "a sick one" (113, 171), "a human" (114), "a pale one" (138), "a dead one" (171), "a tacit one" (196). This construction, apart from the individual differences in content, does not always signify in the same sense. A "solitary one," "a stranger" could signify in every case some individual who is "alone," who in addition is considered from a particular, limited viewpoint to be "strange." "A stranger" of this sort can be classified in the category of extraneous objects as such, and thus be neatly disposed of. Comprehended in this manner, the soul would simply be an example of something extraneous among other examples.

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[2] The page numbers refer to the first volume of the Works of Trakl published by the Otto Müller Verlag, Salzburg, the volume which contains "Die Dichtungen." We have used the sixth edition, 1948. A "First Complete Edition" of the poetic works, executed by his friend Karl Röck, appeared in 1917, published by the Kurt Wolff Verlag, Leipzig. A new edition (with an appendix of testimonials and remembrances) was put together by K. Horwitz in 1946 for the Arche-Verlag, Zürich.

Yet what does "strange," German "_fremd_" mean? Something strange is usually understood as something unfamiliar and unreliable, something which does not appeal, which rather oppresses and disturbs us. However, "strange," in the sense of the German "_fremd_," Old High German "_fram_," English "from," actually means: forward to somewhere else, underway to . . . , toward that which is forthcoming. The "stranger" goes forth. But he does not stray helplessly, without destination. The "stranger foregoes" insofar as he goes forth seeking the place where he, the wanderer, can remain a wanderer. The "stranger," the outsider, is already following the call, scarcely disclosed even to him, leading the way into his own.

The poet calls the soul "a stranger foregoing earth." Earth is the very place which the soul in its wandering has not yet been able to reach. The soul is primarily seeking earth, not fleeing from it. Wandering about, seeking earth, that it might build upon it poetically and live on it, and thus for the first time deliver earth as earth: this fulfills the essence of the soul. Thus the soul is by no means a soul to begin with, which in addition, for some reason or other does not belong on earth.

The sentence

> The soul is a stranger foregoing earth.

defines instead the very essence of that which we call "the soul." The sentence is not a statement about a soul whose essence is already known, as though, in the form of an appendix, it were only trying to establish that the soul was thrust upon an unsuitable and therefore strange earth, without being able to find upon this earth either refuge or encouragement. On the contrary, the soul as soul is essentially and fundamentally "a stranger foregoing earth." Thus it remains the one underway and follows in its wandering the pull of its essence. In the meantime we are hard pressed by the question, in what direction has the "stranger," as here elucidated, been called to take his steps? A stanza taken from the third part of the poetic work "Sebastian in Dream" (107) answers:

O how still is a stroll down the stream of blue
To ponder forgotten things, when from green branch
The thrush hailed a stranger to descend.

The soul is called upon to make a descent. It would seem then that the soul is supposed to end its terrestrial wandering and leave earth behind after all! Nothing of this is said in the quoted lines. Yet they speak of "descent"? Certainly. However, the descent named here is neither a catastrophe nor the mere evanescence associated with disintegration. That which descends down the blue stream,

That descends into peace and quiet.
"Transfigured Fall" (34)

Into what sort of peace? Into that of the deceased. But whose decease? And into what quiet?

The soul is a stranger foregoing earth.

The line into which this sentence belongs continues:

...Ghostly the twilight
Bluing above the dissevered forest...

And just prior to these lines the sun has been named. The step of the stranger goes forth into the twilight. "Twilight" normally signifies to us a darkening. "Twilight bluing." Does the blueness of a sunny day become darker? Does it vanish in the evening in favor of night? "Twilight" is, however, not merely the descent of day as the disintegration of its brightness into the gathering obscurity. Twilight does not, after all, have to descend. Twilight can appear in the morning as well. Then it gives rise to day. Twilight is also an ascension. Twilight blues over the "dissevered," the splintered, collapsed forest. The blue of night ascends at eventide.

"Ghostly" blues the twilight. This "ghostliness" characterizes the twilight. What this often named "ghostliness" means we shall have to think about. The twilight is the inclination of the movement of the sun. Furthermore: the twilight is not only the inclination of the day but also the inclination of the year. The last stanza of a poetic work entitled "The Inclination of Summer" (169) sings:

The summer, green, begins to turn
So leisurely and the alien's step
Resounds throughout the silvery night.
Let the blue game remember his path,

Euphonic flow of his ghostly years!

In Trakl's poetic works the words "so leise" occur again and again. We are of the opinion that "leise" means only: hardly noticeable to the ear. It is in accordance with this meaning that we preconceive the lines. But "leise" signifies: leisurely; in Anglo-Saxon gelisian meant "glide." "Das Leise" is then that which glides away. Summer glides leisurely into autumn, the eventide of the year.

...and the alien's step
Resounds throughout the silvery night.

Who is this alien? Whose paths are those which "the blue game" might remember? To remember means "to ponder forgotten things."

...when from green branch
The thrush hailed a stranger to descend.
(compare 34, 107)

In what sense shall "the blue game" (compare 99, 146) think in the direction of the descending one? Does the game, the wild one, receive its blueness from that "blue" which is "the ghostly twilight" and ascends as night? Night is dark, to be sure. But that darkness is not necessarily the darkness of obfuscation. In another poetic work (139) night is addressed with the words:

Oh the composed cyanic bouquet of night.

Night is a bundle of cornflowers, a composed bouquet. Accordingly, the blue game is also called huddled, "shy game" (104) and the "composed animal" (97). The bundle of blue gathers together in the bottom of its bouquet the depths of the holy. The holy radiates out of the blue while covering and coloring itself in its own darkness. It concentrates as it withdraws itself. The holy distributes its presence as it preserves itself in its concentrated withdrawal. The blue is clarity buried in darkness. The word "clear" [IE. *kel-, German hell] referred originally to the tone which calls out of the concealing stillness and thus comes to light. Blue calls in its clarity by ringing out in all directions. The darkness of blue radiates in its hailing clarity.

The steps of the alien ring through the silvery-gleaming resonance of night. Another poetic work (104) intones:

> And radiant steps ring forth in holy blue.

Elsewhere (110) we hear this concerning the blue:

> ...the holiness of blue flowers...stirs the beholder.

Yet another poetic work says (85):

> ...An animal face
> Petrifies before blueness, its holiness.

Blue is not an image for the holy. Blueness is the holy itself, since the radiance of the holy only becomes apparent in its gathering depth and under its cover. In the face of the blue, induced directly by lucid blue to constrain itself, the animal face petrifies and changes into the intent outlook of wild game.

The starkness, the stare of the animal face, is not that of mortification. In petrifying, the face of the animal pulls together and concentrates its outlook on that which it faces. Thus, constraining itself, it can gaze intently in the direction of the holy, into the "mirror of truth" (85). This gaze is an assimilation into silence.

> Intense is the silence in the stone.

says the line immediately following. The stone is the burial place of pain. By burying, stonework assembles within its stoniness the composing, soothing quality which characterizes the relief of pain. Pain is silenced "before blueness." The intent outlook of the wild game intensifies into soothing silence in the face of the blue. For soothing means, according to the word itself, peacefully assimilating [cf. soft, assemble, German sanft, IE. *sem-]. That which soothes calms the agitation by composing the wounding and singeing elements of wildness into relieved pain.

Who is this blue wild game whom the poet exhorts to remember the alien? An animal? Certainly. But only an animal? By no means. For it is supposed to remember. Its face is supposed to face the alien intently and gaze upon him. The blue wild game is an animal whose _anima_ presumably rests not in animal qualities but rather in that visionary reminiscence which the poet exhorts. This _anima_ is still dim and hard to catch sight of. Thus the _anima_ **of the animal** to which we here refer wavers in vagueness. It has not yet been incorporated into its essence. This animal, that is to say, the thinking animal, the _animal rationale_, man, has not yet, according to the words of Nietzsche, been firmly established.

The above assertion does not mean, of course, that man has not yet been "confirmed" as a fact. This has been done all too decisively. We mean here: the _anima_ of this animal has not yet been established on its homestead, not yet securely housed in its essence. Ever since Plato, occidental-European metaphysics has grappled with this problem of establishment. Perhaps it grapples in vain. Perhaps the way to get "underway" is still barred to metaphysics. The animal whose essence is not yet established is modern man.

Trakl, using the poetic name "blue game," addresses that human being whose face, reflecting on the steps of the alien, catches the glancing blue of night and so shines in the radiance of the holy. The words "blue game" name the mortals who remember the alien and would like to walk with him toward their indigenous human essence.

Who are they who wish to begin this journey? Presumably they are the few and the unknown, since the essential normally exposes itself only in the stillness, seldom and fleetingly. The poet names these wanderers in the poetic work "A Winter' Eve" (126), in which the second stanza begins:

> Some upon a wandering
> Reach a door on darkened path.

The blue game, wherever it is now, has left the former mode of being of mankind. Hitherto existing man disintegrates insofar as he loses his essential composure, i.e. decomposes.

Trakl names one of his poetic works "Seven Cantos of Death." Seven is the holy number. The cantos sing of the holiness of death. Death is not preconceived vaguely and in general terms as the end of earthly life. Poetically "death" means that "descent" to which "a stranger" is hailed. For this reason the stranger, who has been called in this manner, is also named "a deceased" (146). His decease is not decomposure, but rather the abandonment of the decomposing form of man. Thus the penultimate stanza of the poetic work "Seven Cantos of Death" (142) says:

Oh the decomposing form of man: alloyed of cold ores,
Night and the terror of sunken forests
And the singeing wildness of animals;
Breathlessness of the soul.

The decomposing form of man is delivered to the torment of singeing and to the pricking of thorns. Its wildness is not permeated by the blue. The soul of this human form does not stand in the breeze of the holy. It is therefore without drive. The breeze itself, God's breath, remains in solitude. A poetic work, naming blue game, which can however hardly extricate itself from the "thorn-bushes," closes with the lines (99):

God's breath forever sings
Against black walls in solitude.

"Forever" means: as long as the year, the sun's progress, is stranded in the gloominess of winter and no one remembers the path along which the alien's "gleaming steps" stride through the night. This night itself only covers and conceals the progress of the yearly sun. Year, Indo-European *ier-, means "to go," Greek ἰέναι.

Let the blue game remember its path,

Euphonic flow of his ghostly years!

The years receive their ghostliness from the ghostly twilight blue of night.

...Oh how earnest is the hyazinth face of twilight.
"Underway" (102)

The ghostly twilight is of such essential importance that the poet actually entitles one of his poetic works "Ghostly Twilight" (137). Here too wild game, but dark, encounters something. This time wildness has both the tendency toward obfuscation and the inclination toward the silent blue. In the meantime the poet himself travels "on black cloud" through the "nocturnal pond, the starry heaven."

The poetic work goes this way:

Ghostly Twilight

Stillness encounters at the seam of the forest
Dark wild game;
The evening wind ends leisurely against the hill,

The plaint of the thrush dies down,
And composed flutes of autumn
Fall silent in the rushes.

On black cloud
You travel poppy drunk
The nocturnal pond,

The starry sky.
Ever sings the sister's lunar voice
Through the ghostly night.

The starry sky is represented by the poetic image of a nocturnal pond. At least this is our usual preconception. But the nocturnal heaven is truly and essentially this pond. On the other hand, that which we usually call night is more of an image, that is to say, the pale and emptied after-image of its essence. The pond and the pond-mirror recur often in the Poem of this poet. The sometimes black, sometimes blue waters show mankind his own face, the reflection of his outlook. In the nocturnal pond of the starry sky there appears in addition the twilight blue of the ghostly night. Its glance is cool.

The cool light has its source in the shining of the moon (Selene). Around her luminescence even the stars, the old Greek verses tell us, pale and cool off. Everything becomes "lunar." The stranger, striding through the night, is called "the lunar one" (134). The brother hears the "lunar voice" of his sister, which forever sings through the ghostly night, when, crossing the pond in nocturnal journey, he tries to follow the alien's golden boat in one which is still "black" and scarcely illumined by its predecessor.

When mortals wander after the stranger who has been called to the descent and who thus becomes the alien, then they themselves enter into a strange land, they themselves become aliens and solitary ones (64, 87 etc.).

Undertaking the journey on the nocturnal pond of stars, which is the heaven above the earth, the soul travels and experiences earth for the first time as the "cool sap"

(126). The soul glides away into the evening-blue twilight of the ghostly year. It becomes the "Autumnal Soul" and in this form it becomes the "blue soul."

The few stanzas and lines noted here point into the ghostly twilight, lead onto the path of the alien, and indicate the way and the journey of those who, remembering him, follow him in the descent. At the time of "The Inclination of Summer" the stranger becomes, in his wandering, autumnal and dark.

"Autumnal Soul" is the name Trakl gives to a poetic work whose second-to-last stanza sings (124):

> Fish and game soon glide away.
> Blue soul and dark journey
> Soon parted us from loved ones, others.
> With evening sense and image change.

The wanderers who follow the alien see themselves soon parted from "loved ones" who are for them "others." The other--that is the stamp of the decomposed form of man.

A human cast which has been struck of one stamp and which has struck its course accordingly is called in German "_das_ _Geschlecht_." The word refers to the human cast in the sense of mankind as a whole as well as to the subcasts in the sense of races, tribes and families, all of which in turn are recast in the duality of the sexes. The cast of the "decomposed form" of man is called by the poet the "decomposing" cast (186). The decomposing cast has been dispossessed of its proper way of being and therefore it is the "distressed" (162) cast.

With what kind of distressing blow has this cast been struck, that is to say, plagued? The plague of the decomposing cast consists in the fact that the old cast has been fragmented into a multiplicity of divergent factions. Finding itself in a bewildering confusion of wildness, each individual faction struggles to make its own way. The curse is not multiplicity as such but rather the divergency which carries the cast out of the initial blind confusion of wildness along many separate paths, thereby fracturing the cast into isolated entities. Thus fragmented and dispersed, the "disintegrated cast" is no longer able to strike its proper path by itself. Only that cast which, retaining its multiple potential, is able to leave divergency behind and go forth into the composure of a manifold unity will have struck out in the right direction. But this means it has become a "stranger" following in the footsteps of the "alien."

With respect to that alien, all the progeny of the decomposing cast remain the others. Nevertheless they continue to be loved and honored. The dark migration in the train of the alien leads, however, into the blue of his night. The wandering soul becomes the "blue soul."

But it is now parted and sent forth. Where to? To the place the alien goes, who here and there is pointed out poetically only with the significant word "Jener," "that one." "Jener" was "ener" in Old High German, comes into English as "yonder," and means the "other." "Yonder one," "Jener," the alien, is the other one to the others, namely to the decomposing cast. That one, the one yonder, is the one who has been called away from, set apart from the others. The alien is the de-parted one.

In what direction is such a one pointed, who takes upon himself the essence of the stranger, as one who goes forth in foregoing? In which direction is a stranger called? Into descent. The descent is the losing of oneself in the ghostly twilight of the blue. It begins by inclining toward the ghostly year. Since this inclination has to penetrate the destructiveness of approaching winter, of November, the losing of oneself does not mean a dispersal into emptiness and annihilation. To lose oneself means, on the contrary, in accordance with the sense of the words themselves: to let loose and slowly glide away. The one who loses himself disappears within the November destruction, to be sure, but by no means into it. He glides away, going right through it, into the ghostly twilight of the blue, "at vespers," i.e. toward evening.

> At vespers the alien loses himself in black
> November destruction,
> Under rotting branches, along the leprous walls,
> Where before the holy brother went,
> Sunk in the composed lyrics of his insensate self.

Evening is the inclination of the day of the ghostly year. Evening consummates a change. Evening, which inclines itself to the ghostly, makes something else visible, gives one something else to contemplate.

With evening sense and image change.

The phenomenon whose aspects (images) the poets show appears differently when seen through this evening. The elusive essential which thinkers try to grasp in thought expresses itself differently with the onset of evening. Evening transmutes, from another sense and another image, the saying of poetry and thought as well as their dialogue with one another. Evening can do this, however, only because it too changes. The day goes through it into a decline which is not the end but simply the inclination to ready that descent by means of which the alien begins his wandering. Evening changes its own sense and its own image. Buried in this change is a departing from the hitherto existing rule of measured days and seasons.

But where does evening lead the dark migration of the blue soul? To the place where everything other has assembled, where everything other has buried and secured itself for another ascent.

The stanzas and lines quoted so far all point us into a place of assembly, i.e. into the terminal which is our topic here. What kind of a place is this terminal? What shall we name it? Surely we must name it in accordance with the language of the poet. The entire diction of Georg Trakl's poetic works remains assembled around the wandering alien. He is and is called "the departed one" (177). Trakl's poetic diction terminates in and around him as one single song. Because the poetic works of this poet are gathered into the song of the departed, we shall call the topic of his Poem departure.

The determination must now try by means of a second step to occupy itself more fully with the topic which so far has only been sketchily indicated.

II

Can departure be properly brought before the contemplative gaze on its own terms, that is to say, as the topic of the Poem? If this can be done at all, then it can only be done by following now with a clear eye the path of the alien and by asking: who is the departed one? Of what sort is the landscape of his paths?

They run through the blue of night. The light which radiates from his steps is cool. The final words of a poetic work which is directly concerned with the "departed one" talks about "the lunar paths of the departed ones" (178). For us the departed ones mean also the deceased. But into what kind of death has the alien died? In the poetic work "Psalm" (62) Trakl says:

> The insensate one has died.

The following stanza says:

> One buries now the stranger.

In the "Seven Cantos of Death" he is called the "white alien." The last stanza of the poetic work "Psalm" says:

> In his grave the white magician plays with his snakes.

The dead one lives in his grave. He lives in his chamber so still and lost in thought that he plays with his snakes. They can do nothing to him. Though they have not been exterminated, their evil has been transformed. On the other hand, in the poetic work "The Accursed Ones" (120) we find:

> A nest of scarlet-colored snakes uncoil
> Listlessly in her unruly lap. (compare 161, 164)

The dead one is the insensate one. Does this mean a mental case, an insane or foolish person? No. Insensate does not mean senseless sensing, unsensible or nonsensical behavior. The prefix "in-," which means "without," is here taken differently. The insensate one senses all right, in fact he senses as no one else does. But in doing so he remains without the sense of the others. He is of another sense. "To sense" means basically: to send oneself after something, to strike out in a new direction; the Indo-European roots *sent and *set mean way. The departed one is the insensate one because he is underway somewhere else. From that point of view his insensateness may be called "composed" for he sends himself in the direction of greater stillness. A poetic work which simply refers to the alien as "that one," as the other one yonder, sings:

> But that one went down the stony steps of
> the Monksberg,
> A blue smile on his face and oddly sheathed
> In the greater stillness of childhood and died.

This poetic work carries the title "To One Who Died Early" (135). The departed one has expired into earliness. For this reason he is "the tender corpse" (105, 146 etc.), wrapped up in that childhood which preserves in greater stillness all the burning and singeing aspects of wildness. Thus the one who died early appears as "the dark form of coolness." This form also appears in the work entitled "On the Monksberg" (113):

> The dark form of coolness always follows the walker
>
> On bony bridge, the hyazinthene voice of the lad,
> Leisurely telling the forgotten legend of the forest,...

"The dark form of coolness" doesn't follow after the walker. It precedes him because the blue voice of the lad retrieves something forgotten and *fore*-*tells* it.

Who is this lad who expired into earliness? Who is this lad, whose

> ...brow leisurely bleeds
> Ancient legends
> And dark augury of bird flights (97)?

Who is this who has gone over bony bridge? The poet addresses him with the words:

> Oh how long, Elis, since you expired?

Elis is the alien who has been called to make the descent. Elis is in no way a figure with whom Trakl identifies himself. Elis is as fundamentally different from the poet as the figure Zarathustra is different from the thinker Nietzsche. But both figures are alike in that their essence, their journey, begins with a descent. Elis descends into the primordial earliness which is older than the aging, decomposing cast of man, older because it is more contemplative, more contemplative because more still, more still because it itself has a greater power to still.

In the figure of the lad Elis, his boyishness does not rest in a contrast with femininity. The boyishness is the appearance of childhood's greater stillness. Childhood buries and preserves within itself the composed duality of the sexes, that of the youth as well as that of the "golden figure of the maiden" (179).

Elis is not a dead person who decomposes in the lateness of a lived out life. Elis is a deceased who slips away into earliness. This alien unfolds the human essence in advance into the beginning of that which has not yet been borne out. The poet calls that more restful and therefore more stilling something which has not yet been borne out pertaining to the essence of mortals the unborn.

The alien who has expired into earliness is the unborn one. The names "an unborn one" and "a stranger" express the same thing. In the poetic work "Lively Spring" (26) stands the following line:

> And the unborn nurses his own peace.

He cares for and watches over childhood's greater stillness for the coming awakening of mankind. Thus at peace, the early dead lives. The departed one is not dead in the sense of being lived out. On the contrary. The departed looks ahead into the blue of the ghostly night. The white eyelids which protect his vision reflect the bridal adornment (150) which promises a more composed twofoldedness of the human cast.

> Still blooms the myrtle over the white eyelids
> of the dead.

This line belongs in the same poetic work which says:

> The soul is a stranger foregoing earth.

The sentences stand in close proximity. The "dead" is the departed, the stranger, the unborn.

However, "the path of the unborn" still goes "past somber towns, past solitary summers." ("Song of the Hours") (101) His way leads past that which will not receive him as a guest, but no longer leads through it. In fact, the trip of the departed is solitary too; this however comes from the solitude "of the nightly pond, of the starry sky." The insensate one does not cross this pond on "a black cloud" but in a golden boat. What about this goldenness? The poetic work "Corner of the Forest" (33) answers with the line:

Insensate composure often sees the golden and the true.

The path of the alien leads through the "ghostly years," whose days are at all times turned toward the true beginning and are directed, i.e. set right, from there. The year of his soul is gathered together into rightness.

> Oh how right, Elis, are all your days.

sings the poetic work "Elis" (98). This exhortation is only the echo of another which we have already heard:

> Oh how long, Elis, since you expired.

The earliness, the springtime, into which the alien has expired holds buried the essential rightness of the unborn. This earliness is a unique kind of time, the time of the "ghostly year." Trakl entitled one of his poetic works simply with the word "Year" (170). It begins: "Dark stillness of childhood." In contrast to that childhood stands the brighter, even stiller and therefore other childhood earliness into which the departed has descended. In the last line of the same poetic work, this stiller childhood is called the beginning:

> Golden eye of beginning, dark patience of the end.

Here the end is not the consequence and the dissipation of the beginning. The end, which is the end of the decomposing cast of man, precedes the beginning of the unborn cast. The beginning, as the primordium, has however already overtaken the end.'

This earliness preserves the original essence of time, which as yet remains veiled. And it will remain inaccessible to the dominating mode of thought as long as the Aristotelian conception of time, which is still everywhere the standard preconception, remains in effect. According to this conception, time, whether represented mechanically or dynamically or in terms of atomic decay, is the dimension given the quantitative or qualitative calculation of duration as a sequential progression.

But true time is the arrival of that which has been present. This is not something past, but rather the assemblage of the pre-essent, which must precede all arrival, since, in order to be an assemblage, it has to bury itself within every one of its earlier elements. "Dark patience" corresponds to the end and its fulfillment. Patience carries something buried toward its truth and revelation. Its forebearance bears everything in the direction of the descent into the blue of the ghostly night. However, the beginning corresponds to a seeing and sensing which gleams golden because it is illuminated by "the golden and the true." This mirrors itself in the starry pond of night as Elis opens his heart to it on his journey (98):

A golden boat
Rocks your heart, Elis, on the solitary heaven.

The alien's boat tosses, but playfully, not "anxiously" (200) like the boat of those descendants of earliness who at first only follow the alien. Their boat has not yet reached the level of the mirrored surface of the pond. It sinks. But how? Is it going under? No. And into what is it sinking? Into empty nothingness? By no means. One of the last of Trakl's poetic works, "Lament" (200), ends with the lines:

Sister of stormy depression
See how an anxious boat sinks down
Beneath the stars,
The taciturn face of night.

What does this nocturnal silence conceal as it looks down out of the starlight? Where does the night itself belong? To departure. Departure is not merely the state in which the lad Elis lives, the state of being dead.

The earliness of childhood's greater stillness, the blue night, the nocturnal paths of the alien, the nocturnal wingbeat of the soul, even twilight as the door to descent: all these belong to departure.

Departure assembles all these things which belong together, not subsequently, but in such a way that they can unfold themselves within its already dominant assembly.

The twilight, the night, the years of the alien, his paths, all are called "geistlich" by the poet. Departure is geistlich. What does this word mean? Its meaning and usage is very old. Geistlich means that which takes its sense and direction from the Geist, originates in it and follows its essence.[3] Customary usage has restricted the meaning of the German form geistlich along the lines of the English "spiritual," connecting the word with the spiritual profession of the priests and their church. Trakl also seems to use the word in this connection, at least to one who listens superficially to the German. Take for example the poetic work "In Hellbrunn" (191), where Trakl says: "So geistlich ergrünen die Eichen..."

> So ghostly green the oaks
> Above the deads' forgotten paths.

Previously he mentioned "the shadows of church princes, of noble women," "the shadows of long expired," which seem to hover above the "pond of spring." But the poet, who is again singing "the blue lament of evening," is not thinking about spiritual things or about "spirituality" when he says "so geistlich ergrünen die Eichen." He is thinking about the earliness of the long expired, which promises the

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[3] Geist is etymologically related to the English "ghost," but in German its usual connotations have developed along very different lines. The two major meanings which Geist has in modern German and which "ghost" did not acquire to the same extent relate to "spirit" and "mind." (trans.)

"Springtime of the Soul." The poetic work "Ghostly Song" (20), written earlier in time, reiterates the theme, though in a more veiled and searching manner. In this ghostly song, which sustains a weird ambiguity, its ghost finds clearer expression in the last stanza:

> Begger there by ancient stone
> Seems expired in a prayer,
> Shepard leaves the hill composed,
> In the grove an angel sings,
> Sings a song,
> Sings into the children's sleep.

But, although geistlich means nothing "spiritual" for the poet, he could have used the alternative form *geistig* to name that which stands in relation to the *Geist*. Why does he avoid the word? Because *geistig* means the opposite of material. If he used it with "twilight" and "night," it would connote "mental twilight" and "mental night." This assumes a differentiation into two realms, and names, Platonically-occidentally speaking, the cleft between the supersensual (νοητόν) and the sensual (αἰσθητόν).

Das Geistige, understood thus and having in the meantime become the rational, intellectual and ideological, belongs, together with its counterparts, to the world view of the decomposing cast of man. But the "dark journey" of the "blue soul" has *parted* itself from this cast. The twilight developing into the night into which the alien descends cannot be called geistig (mental) anymore than the path of the alien. Departure is geistlich as determined by the Geist, but it is not geistig in the metaphysical sense.

What then is the Geist? Trakl speaks of the "hot flame of the ghost" in his last poetic work "Grodek" (201). The ghost is that which flames and only perhaps in this sense is it something which flutters. Trakl does not take Geist primarily as pneuma or as an airy spirit. Rather he takes it as a flame which inflames, whips up, dislodges, incenses. Flame is kindling lumination. That which flames is the ex-posure which lights up and causes to glow, which can also continue to consume and reduce all to the whiteness of ashes.

"Flame is palest pallor's brother" is one of the lines in the poetic work "Evil Transformed" (129). Trakl hears Geist in its original sense, as seen in the Indo-European root. *Gheis means worked up, excited, turned out.

Ghost understood this way has the possibility of both composure and destruction. Composure does not dampen the excitement of the inflammatory, but contains and assembles it in the peace of friendship. Destruction results from uncontrollability, which consumes itself in its own agitation and thus expresses itself as wrath. Wrath is always the wrath of a Geist. Wrath and its concomitant evil is not something physical and material. Nor is it merely "mental." Wrath is geistlich (ghostly) as the blinding flareup of the unsettling agitation which displaces into the disarray of the unhealthy and unwholesome, and thereby threatens to scorch the collected blossoms of composure.

Yet where does the gathering power of composure rest? What are its reins? What "ghost" holds them? In what sense is the essence of man "ghostly?"

Inasmuch as the essence of the ghost rests in the inflammatory, it strikes a new course, lights it and sets on the way. As flame, the ghost is the storm which "storms the heavens" and "hunts down God" (187). The ghost goads the soul on the way where a foregoing comes to pass. The ghost sets forth into foregoing. "The soul is a stranger foregoing earth." The ghost is the one who imparts a soul. He is the animator. But the soul shelters the ghost in turn and does this so essentially that the ghost can presumably never be a ghost without the soul. The soul "nourishes" the ghost. How? How else than by investing the ghost with the soul's own essential flame. This flame is the black glow of depression, "the composure of the solitary soul" (55).

Solitude does not dissipate into the kind of destitution to which every mere loneliness surrenders. Solitude unifies the soul, consolidates it into one and in this manner starts its essence on its journey. Thus resolved, the solitary soul wends its way as the wandering soul. The glow of its melancholy disposition is imposed upon to bear the pressure of fate on its journey--and thus to carry the soul in the direction of the ghost.

"Lend to the ghost your flame, black glow of depression." Thus begins the poetic work "To Lucifer," i.e. to the bearer of light who casts the shadow of evil. (Supplementary volume of the Salzburger edition, p. 14.)

The black depression of the soul begins to glow only when the soul on its journey enters into the widest width of its own (that is, wandering) essence. This happens when it looks into the face of the blue and sees what radiates through it. Thus enlightened, it is "the great soul."

Oh pain, you flaming insight
Of the great soul!
"The Storm" (183)

The greatness of the soul is measured in accordance with its capacity for flaming insight, by means of which it makes itself at home within pain. Pain is characterized by an essence contractive with itself.[4]

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[4] [The term "contractive" (gegenwendig) is to be heard both as "con-tractive" and as "contra-active." (Tr.)]

"Flaming," pain draws out. Drawing out, it inscribes the wandering soul into the interplay of storming and hunting, which, storming the heavens, would like to hunt down God. Thus it seems as if the drawing out might get carried away and overpower that toward which it draws, instead of letting it reign within its enveloping illumination.

Yet the latter is within the power of "insight." It does not discharge the forward-drawing flame, but remits it into the adaptivity of seeing acceptance. Insight is that drawing back in pain by means of which pain achieves mitigation, which in turn gives pain its power to disclose and convey.

The ghost is flame. Shimmering, it illuminates. The illumination takes place within the scope of insight. Everything of essence presents itself in the coming of an illumination which has displayed itself to such an insight. This flaming insight is pain. The essence of pain remains undiscoverable to anyone who comprehends pain on the basis of sensation. Flaming insight determines the greatness of the soul.

The ghost, which produces the "great soul," is, as pain, the animator. But this endowed soul is itself the vitalizer. For this reason everything that receives its vitality from the soul is charged through and through with pain, the fundamental trait of its essence. Everything which lives is painful.

Only that which lives soulfully is able to fulfill its essential destiny. By means of this power it is fit to achieve that harmony of reciprocating bearability which correlates all living things. As a consequence of this fit relationship, everything which lives is fitting, i.e. good. But the good is painfully good.

Everything with a soul is, in accordance with the fundamental trait of the great soul, not only painfully good but only in this manner also revealed as true; for on the strength of the fact that pain is contractive, anything living can, in its own fashion, conceal in unconcealedness that which is present with it and can let it truly be.

The last stanza of a poetic work begins (26):

> So painful good, so truthful, all that lives;

One might think that this line only superficially touches on the painful. In truth it introduces the tenor of the whole stanza, which remains oriented toward the silencing of pain. In order to hear this, we may neither overlook the carefully set punctuation nor change it. The stanza continues:

> And leisurely an old stone touches you:

Again "leisurely" is spoken, which again allows gliding into the essential concatenations. Again "the stone" appears, which, if we may be allowed a calculation here, could be cited in more than thirty places in Trakl's Poem. Pain buries itself in the stone and, petrified, preserves itself in the interlocking stonework, which still shows in its appearance its primordial origin radiating out of the silent glow of the earliest dawn. The earliest dawn, as the foregoing beginning, as the primordium, comes to everything which becomes, everything which wanders, and brings to it its essence in a moment which can never be caught up with again.

The old stone is pain itself, insofar as pain looks earthily upon mortals. The colon after the word "stone" signifies that here it is *the stone* which speaks. Pain itself has the word. Having been silent for a long time, it now points out to the wanderers who follow the alien nothing less than its own power and endurance:

Truly! I shall always be with you.

The wanderers, who listen in the direction of the leafy branches to the early dead, react to these words of pain with the words of the next line:

Oh mouth, in silver willow's trembling leaves.

The entire stanza of this poetic work corresponds to the close of the second stanza of another, which is directed "To an Early Dead" (135):

> And in the garden remained behind the silver face of the friend,
> Lurking in the leaves or in the old stone.

The stanza which begins:

> So painfully good and truthful is the living;

resolves at the same time the discord sounded in the first line of the same third section of the poetic work:

> How sick seem all things mutable!

The disturbed, inhibited, unwholesome and healthless, all the distress of the disintegrated, is in truth the only possible manifestation in which the truth buries itself: it is the pain which permeates and endures in everything. Thus pain is neither repugnant nor practical. Pain is that favor of essentiality in everything essential. The integral simplicity of its controverting essence calls forth Becoming out of the buried primordium and harmonizes it with the bright serenity of the great soul.

> So painful good, so truthful, all that lives;
> And leisurely an old stone touches you:
> Truly! I shall always be with you.
> Oh mouth, in silver willow's trembling leaves.

The stanza is the pure song of pain, sung in order to round out the three-part poetic work called "Bright Spring."

The primordial brightness of every oncoming essence trembles out of the stillness of buried pain.

According to the usual preconception, the contractive essence of pain--the fact that it only properly begins to draw forward as a drawing back--may easily appear contradictory. But the integral essence of pain is concealed in this appearance. This essence conveys, flaming, to the greatest extent when, gaining insight, it most retentively contains itself.

Thus pain, as the fundamental trait of the great soul, corresponds directly to the holiness of the blue. For the blue radiates toward the face of the soul by withdrawing itself into its own depth. Whenever it is present, the holy endures only as long as it maintains this withdrawal and thereby guides insight into adaptivity.

The essence of pain with its concealed relation to the blue is expressed in the last stanza of a poetic work entitled "Transfiguration" (144):

> Blue flower,
> Which leisurely sings in yellowed stone.

The "blue flower" is the "composed cyanic bouquet" of the ghostly night. The words sing of the wellspring out of which Trakl's Poem flows forth. They carry out and at the same time sustain the "transfiguration." The song is a lyric, an epic and a tragedy, all in one. This poetic work is unique among them all, because in it the breadth of vision, the depth of thought and the simplicity of diction radiate in an inexpressible fashion, intimate and omnipresent.

Pain is only truly pain when it serves the flame of the ghost. Trakl's last poetic work is named "Grodek." It is famous as a war poem. But it is infinitely more, because it is something else. Its last lines are (201):

> The hot flame of the ghost is nourished today by a mighty pain,
> The unborn grandchildren.

The "grandchildren" named here are by no means the unbegotten sons of fallen sons, progeny of the decomposing cast of **man**. Were that the case, were we here concerned with the disruption of the propagation of the hitherto prevailing cast, then this poet would have to be jubilant about such an end. But he mourns, though with a "proud mourning," which reflects flamingly on the peace of the unborn.

The unborn are called grandchildren because they cannot be sons, i.e. they cannot be the immediate progeny of the disintegrating cast. Another generation lives between them and this cast. It is another generation because it is different in accordance with the different origin of its essence out of the earliness of the unborn. The "mighty pain" is the insight which flames over everything, which looks ahead into the ever-withdrawing earliness of that dead one toward whom the "ghosts" of the early fallen ones died.

Yet who husbands this mighty pain so that it may nourish the hot flame of the ghost? Whatever carries the imprint of this ghost helps provide the way. Whatever carries the imprint of this ghost is called "ghostly." And thus the poet is obliged to call the twilight, the night and the year "ghostly," these above all and in fact to the exclusion of all others. For the twilight lets the blue of night ascend, it inflames it. Night flames as the shining mirror of the heavenly pond. The year inflames because it imparts on the way of the sun's passage, with its ascents and its descents.

What ghost is this over which this "ghostliness" ministers and which it follows? It is that ghost which is properly named "the ghost of an early dead" in the poetic work "To an Early Dead" (136). It is the ghost which imparts that "beggar" in the "Ghostly Song" (20) into departedness, so that he, as the poetic work "In the Village" says (81), remains "the wanting one" "who died within the ghost in solitude."

Departure presents itself as pure ghost. It is the radiation, flaming in greater stillness, resting in the depths of the blue, which inflames a stiller childhood into a golden beginning. The golden face of the Elis figure looks toward this earliness. In looking toward it the figure keeps alive the nocturnal flame of the ghost of departure.

Departure is, then, not just the condition of an early dead one, nor is it the indeterminate place where he stays. The way in which it flames shows departure to be the ghost itself, and as this the point of assembly. It fetches the essence of mortals back into its stiller childhood and buries that childhood as the course, as yet not borne out, which stamps the future cast of man. The assembling power of departure holds the unborn beyond the lived-out times and spares him for the coming ascension of the course of man out of earliness. The assembling power, as the ghost of composure, stills at the same time the ghost of wrath. The latter's agitation increases to its utmost wrathfulness just as it breaks out of the factionalism of human endeavors and threatens to make a shambles of the entire system of human relations.

But just at this point the factional brotherhood of the human cast pulls itself together and buries itself in the stiller simplicity of childhood. In departure the ghost of wrath is neither negated and annihilated nor released and affirmed. The evil of wrath is transformed. In order to survive such a "Transformation," the soul must transpire into the greatness of its essence. The magnitude of this greatness is determined by the ghost of departure. Departure is the assemblage through which the essence of man is reinstilled into his stiller childhood and this in turn is reinstalled into the earliness of another beginning. As the assembling place, departure has the essence of a terminal.

But to what extent is departure now the topic of a Poem, and for that matter the Poem which Georg Trakl's poetic works put into language? Is departure generally and of itself related to poetry? And even if such a relationship exists, how shall departure attract to itself as its terminal a poetic diction and from there determine this diction?

Isn't departure the singular silence of stillness? How can departure start a diction and singing on its way? Yet departure is not the desolation of death. In departure the alien measures off the parting from the hitherto prevailing cast of man. He is underway on a path. Of what sort is this path? The poet tells us plainly enough, in the closing line of the poetic work "Inclination of Summer," which is set apart from the preceding stanza in order to accentuate it:

Let the blue game remember his path,
Euphonic flow of his ghostly years!

The path of the alien is the "euphonic flow of his ghostly years." Elis' steps resound. The resounding steps radiate through the night. Does their euphony echo into emptiness? Has he who expired into earliness departed in the sense of being cut off, or has he seceded in the sense of the select, i.e. is he gathered into an assemblage which assembles with more composure and calls with greater stillness?

The second and third stanzas of the poetic work "To an Early Dead" give a hint to our question (135):

But that one went down the stony steps of
the Monksberg,
A blue smile on his face and oddly sheathed
In the greater stillness of childhood and died.
And in the garden remained behind the silver face
of the friend,
Listening in the leaves or in the old stone.
Soul sang of death, decomposing green of flesh
And it was the rustle of forest,
The ardent lament of wild game.
And always rang from twilit towers the blue
chimes of evening.

A friend listens in the direction of the alien. In pricking up his ears, he follows the departed one and becomes himself a wanderer, an alien. The soul of the friend lists in the direction of the dead one. The face of the friend is "dying away" (143). It listens while singing of death. That is why this singing voice is called "the birdvoice of the deathlike" ("The Wanderer" 143). It corresponds to the death of the alien, his descent into the blue of night. But as he sings the death of the departed, he sings at the same time the "green decomposure" of that cast from which the dark journeying "parted" him.

To sing means to praise and to cherish the praised one in song. The listening friend is one of the "praising shepards" (143). Yet the friend's soul, which "gladly hears the white magician's tales," can only echo the departed one in song when departure rings toward the disciple, when the euphonic tones resound from there, "when," as it says in the "Evensong" (83), "dark euphony seeks out the soul."

If this happens, then the ghost of the early dead appears in the glow of earliness. The ghostly years of earliness are the true time of the alien and his friend. In their glow the previously black cloud turns golden.

Now it equals the "golden boat" which, as Elis' heart, rocks on the solitary heaven.

The last stanza of the poetic work "To an Early Dead" sings (136):

> Golden cloud and time. In solitary room
> You often invite the dead as guest,
> And walk in trusted converse under elms
> down the green stream.

The friend's invitation to a dialogue corresponds to the salutary euphony of the alien's steps. The diction of that dialogue is the singing journey down the stream, the following in descent into the blue of night, which has been and continues to be animated by the ghost of him who died early. In the course of such a conversation the singing friend looks upon the departed one. As a result of the insight he gains, he becomes a brother to the alien, who returns his look. Journeying with the alien, the brother arrives in the greater stillness of a residence in earliness. He can call out in the "Song of the Departed" (177):

> Oh to reside in the animate blue of night.

But as the listening friend sings the "Song of the Departed" and thus becomes his brother, he now becomes for the first time, as the alien's brother, the brother of his sister, whose "lunar voice sings through the ghostly night," as the final lines of the poetic work "Ghostly Twilight" (137) tell us.

Departure is the topic of the Poem because the euphony of the alien's resounding, radiating steps inflames his follower's dark wandering into listening singing. The dark wandering, dark because it only follows after, nevertheless lights their soul into the blue. The essence of the singing soul becomes then just one concentrated looking-ahead into the blue of the night which holds buried that stiller earliness.

> A blue eyebeam is only more soul.

is how the poetic work "Childhood"puts it (104).

Thus the essence of departure fulfills itself. It is only then the fully realized topic of the Poem when it, as both the assemblage of the stiller childhood and as the grave of the alien, assembles to itself those who follow in descent the one who died early while they, listening in his direction, at the same time translate the euphony of his path into the sounds of the spoken language and in this process become the departed ones. Their singing is the composition of poetry. In what sense? What is poetic composition?

Poetic composition is dedication, which means it literally speaks of, points out, dedicates what has been euphonically indicated by the ghost of departure. Before poetic composition becomes diction in the sense of a manner of speaking, it is for the longest time only a listening. Departure inflects the listening into its euphony in advance, so that the euphony can radiate through the diction in which it resounds. The lunar coolness of the holy blue of the ghostly night resounds and radiates through all vision and diction. Thus diction becomes dedicative, becomes: the poetic work. What is said in the poetic work shelters and cherishes the Poem, as the essentially ineffable. In this manner dedicated listening becomes "more devoted," i.e. more amenable to the demands of the path which runs ahead of the alien out of the darkness of childhood into the stiller, brighter earliness. Thus the poet who is listening in the direction of the path can say to himself:

> More devoted, you know the sense of the dark years,
> Coolness and autumn in solitary rooms;
> And in holier blue ring forth radiant steps.
> "Childhood" (104)

The soul, which sings of autumn and of the inclination of the year, is not sinking in decay. Its devotion is inflamed by the flame of the ghost of earliness and is therefore fired up:

> Oh the soul which leisurely sang the song of
> the yellowed reeds; fiery devotion.

says the poetic work "Dream and Shroud of Night" (157). This shroud of night is no more a mere obfuscation and derangement of the mind than insensateness was insanity. The night which enshrouds the singing brother of the alien remains the "ghostly night" of that death through which the departed one died into the "golden shudders" of earliness. Gazing in the direction of this death, the listening friend looks out into the coolness of childhood's greater stillness. At the same time, such vision continues to be a parting from that cast of man, long since born, that has forgotten the stiller childhood, the unreleased beginning, and has never carried out the unborn. The poetic work "Anif," the name of a moated castle near Salzburg, says (134):

> Great is the guilt of the born. Woe, you golden
> Of death, shudders
> For the soul dreams cooler blossoms.

Not just the parting *from* the old cast partakes of the "woe" of pain. This parting is imparted in a concealed, fateful manner toward the apartness to which departure calls. The wandering in its night is "infinite agony." This does not mean an endless torment. The infinite is devoid of every finite restriction and curtailment. The "infinite agony" is perfected, fulfilled pain, pain which has come into the fullness of its essence. The reflexive simplicity of pain's pervading contractivity comes into free play for the first time on the journey through the ghostly night, a wandering which ever departs from the ghostly night. The composure of the ghost is called into the hunt for God, its shy withdrawal to the storming of the heavens.

In the poetic work "The Night" (187) we find the following:

> Infinite agony,
> That you hunt God
> Composured ghost,
> Sighing in the waterfall,
> In the waving pine trees.

The flaming rush of this storming and hunting does not rashly rip "the precipitous fortress" down, it does not lay low the quarry, but draws it out and lets it arise in the vision of the perspectives of heaven, whose pure coolness enclose God. The singing contemplation of such a wandering belongs to the brow of a head permeated with perfected pain. Therefore the poetic work "The Night" (187) closes with the lines:

> A petrified head
> Storms the heavens.

Correlated with this is the end of the poetic work "The Heart" (180):

> The precipitous fortress.
> Oh heart
> Shimmering over in snowy coolness.

In fact the triadic harmony of the three late poetic works "The Heart," "The Storm" and "The Night" is so intimately tuned to the one identical song of departure that the determination of the Poem here attempted will only be reinforced if we let the three works reverberate in the resonance of their lyrical song without further elucidation.

The wandering in departure, the vision of the aspects of the invisible, and perfected pain belong together. The patient one adapts himself to the way in which he is drawn out. He alone is able to follow the return into the primordium of the cast whose fate is preserved in an old family album into which the poet writes the following stanza under the title "In an old Album" (55):

> Humbly the patient one bows under the pain
> Singing of euphony, insensate composure.
> See! Here comes the twilight.

In such euphonic diction the poet uncovers the radiant perspectives in which God conceals himself from the insensate hunting.

Therefore it is only "Whispered in the Afternoon" when the poet sings the following in a poetic work so entitled (54):

> God's own colors dreams my brow,
> Feels insensate wing's composure.

The poet only becomes a poet insofar as he follows that "insensate one" who died away into the dawn and now calls out of departure, by means of the euphonic sounds of his steps, to his brother. Thus the face of the friend looks into the face of the stranger. The glance of this "eyebeam" stirs the diction of the listener. Within the stirring glance, which radiates out of the central topic of the Poem, wafts the wave which moves the poetic diction to speak its language.

Of what sort is then the language of Trakl's poetic works. It speaks insofar as it bespeaks that transition on which the alien goes forth. The path on which he strikes out leads away from the old degenerate generation. It leads toward the descent into the preserved earliness of the unborn cast. The language of the Poem, which has its topic in departure, bespeaks the return home of the unborn cast of man into the quiet beginning of its stiller essence.

The language of these poetic works speaks out of transcendence. The path of transcendence makes the transition from the downfall of the decadent to the descent into the twilit blue of the holy. The language of the Poem speaks out of the passage across and through the nocturnal pond of the ghostly night. This language sings the song of the return home of the departed, which turns in out of the lateness of decomposition into the earliness of the stiller beginning which has not yet been. In this language a transition speaks through which radiates the lucid euphonic tones of the ghostly year of the departed alien. The "Song of the Departed" sings, according to the words of the poetic work "Revelation and Descent" (194), "the beauty of a homecoming cast."

Because the language of this Poem speaks out of the transition of departure, it will always speak simultaneously out of that which it abandons in departing and that into which departing imparts itself. The language of the Poem is essentially multi-meaningful, ambiguous in its own peculiar fashion. We shall hear nothing of the diction of the poetic works as long as we confront them only with some blunt singleminded opinion of their sense.

Twilight and night, descent and death, insensateness and wildness, pond and stone, flight of birds and boat, alien and brother, ghost and God, as well as the words of the colors: blue and green, white and black, red and silver, gold and dark, all say in one place and another different things.

"Green" is decomposing and blooming, "white" is bleached and pure, "Black" is obfuscating and obstructing as well as darkly preserving-concealing, "red" is purplish fleshy and rosy composed. "Silver"is the paleness of death as well as the sparkle of stars. "Gold" is the glow of truth as well as the "grisly laughter of gold" (133). These examples of multiple meanings are for the moment only two-sided. But this duality itself must be taken once again to stand on one side, the other side to be determined out of the innermost terminal of the Poem.

The poetic work speaks out of double ambiguity.

However, this multi-significant poetic diction does not flutter apart in an indeterminate equivocation. The multi-meaningful tone of Trakl's Poem arises out of an assemblage, i.e. out of a harmony which, taken for itself, always remains unspeakable. The multi-meaningfulness of this poetic diction is not the imprecision of the lazy, but rather the rigor of the amenable, who has been lead by the demands of "correct insight" and now adapts himself to them.

Often we can hardly distinguish this multi-meaningful diction, always completely certain in itself, which characterizes Trakl's poetic works, from the language of other poets, whose equivocal ambiguity stems from the indeterminate uncertainty of poetic groping because in their case the Poem itself and its terminal topic are missing. The unique rigor of Trakl's essentially multi-significant language is in a higher sense so straightforward and unequivocal that it continues to remain infinitely superior to all the technical exactness of merely scientifically univocal concepts.

The abundance of words which belong to the representational world of the Bible and the Church also speak with the same multi-significant language as that determined by the terminal topic of Trakl's Poem. The transcendence from the old cast to the unborn leads through this region and its language. Whether Trakl's poetic works speak in a Christian manner, to what extent they do and in what sense, what kind of Christian Trakl was, what here and in fact in general is meant by "Christian," "Christianity," "Christendom" and "Christlike": all this comprises essential questions. However, their determination is suspended in a vacuum as long as the topic of the Poem is not thoughtfully made out. On top of this, its determination demands a kind of afterthought for which neither the concepts of a metaphysical nor those of a church-oriented theology are sufficient.

A judgment about the Christianness of Trakl's Poem would have to take into consideration above all his last two poetic works, "Lament" and "Grodek." One would have to ask: why does not the poet call out to God and Christ here, in the most extreme distress of his last words, if he is such a decided Christian? Why does he name instead the "flitting shadow of the sister" and call her the "greeting one?" Why does the song end with the name of the "unborn grandchildren" rather than with the confident hope of Christian redemption? Why does the sister also appear in the other late poetic work "Lament" (200)? Why is "eternity" called here "the icy wave?" Is this Christian thinking? It isn't even Christian despair.

But what is this "Lament" singing? Does not here the intimate integral simplicity of those who remain on the journey despite all threats owing to the most extreme withdrawal of the hail and whole one, ring out in the words "Sister....See..." toward the "golden face of mankind?"

The rigorous harmony of the many-voiced language through which Trakl's poetic work speaks--and this means at the same time: is silent--bespeaks departure as the topic of the Poem. To occupy ourselves rightly with this topic already gives us much to think about. We hardly dare still ask, in closing, after the topography of this topic.

III

The second-to-last stanza of the poetic work "Autumn Soul" (124) provided us with the final pointer into departure as the topic of the Poem as we took the first step toward its determination. This stanza names those wanderers who follow the path of the alien through the ghostly night so that they may live in its "animate blue."

> Fish and game soon glide away.
> Blue soul and dark journey
> Soon parted us from loved ones, others.

Our language calls an open region which promises and imparts a residence a "land." Stepping over into the land of the alien requires walking through the ghostly twilight in the evening. Therefore the last line of the stanza says:

> With evening sense and image change.

The land into which the early dead descends is the land of this evening. The topography of the topic into which Trakl's Poem assembles itself is the concealed essence of departure and is called the "Land of Evening." This land is older, that is, earlier and therefore more promising than the Platonic-Christian occident or even the European occident, the West as we know it. For departure is the "beginning" of an ascending world-year, not the abyss of decay.

The evening land concealed in departure is not going under, but remains, because it waits for its inhabitants as the land of descent into the ghostly night. The land of descent is the transcendence into the beginning of the dawn concealed within it.

Certainly we cannot dismiss as coincidence the fact that two of Trakl's poetic works name the land of evening explicitly. One is entitled "Land of Evening" (171ff.). The other is called "Occidental Song" (139f.). This latter reiterates the themes of the "Song of the Departed." The song begins with an exclamation which listens in wonder:

> Oh the soul's nocturnal wing-beat:

The line ends with a colon, which encloses all of the following up to the transition out of descent into ascent. At this point in the poetic work, just before its last two lines, there is another colon. The simple phrase "*One* cast" follows this colon. "*One*" is accented. It is, as far as I can see, the only italicized word in Trakl's poetic works. This accented "*one* cast" holds buried the fundamental note out of which the Poem of this poet silently sounds its secret. The unity of the *one* cast has its source in the course which assembles and enfolds the multiple factions of man into the more composed manifold union. This course arises out of departure, arises out of the stiller stillness which reigns within departure, out of its "forest legends," out of its "measure and law," along "the lunar paths of the departed ones."

The one in "one cast" does not mean "one" as opposed to "two." "One" also does not mean the indifference of a vacuous equality. "One cast" does not name any kind of biological fact whatsoever; it names neither "unisexuality" nor "homosexuality." In the accented "one cast" is **buried** that unifier which unifies out of the gathering blue of the ghostly night. The phrase speaks out of the song in which the land of evening is extolled. Accordingly, the word "cast" (Geschlecht) retains here its full manifold of meanings. First, it names the historical cast of man, mankind as distinguished from other living things (plants and animals). Furthermore the word "cast" names the races, tribes, clans and families of the cast of man. Finally the word "cast" names the two-fold cast of the sexes.

The force which stamps them into the unity of "one cast" and thus returns the factions of man, and with them the cast itself, to the composure of a stiller childhood, acts by allowing the soul to strike out in the direction of the "blue spring." The soul extolls the spring by "tacitating" it. The poetic work "In the Dark" (151) begins with the line:

> The soul tacitates the blue spring.

The verb form "tacitate" is used here transitively. Trakl's poetic work sings of the land of evening. It is one lone call for the display of the correct course, for the direction which the flame of the ghost speaks into composure. In the "Kasper Hauser Song" (115) we find:

> God spoke a composed flame toward his heart:
> Oh man!

"Spoke" is used transitively here in the same way as "tacitate" above, and "bleeds" in the poetic work "To the Lad Elis" (97), and as "rustles" in the last line of the poetic work "On the Monksberg" (113).

In speaking, God addresses man by indicating to him a stiller essence and calls him to that response by means of which man ascends into earliness out of what is intrinsically a descent. The "Land of Evening" holds buried the ascent of the dawn of "one cast."

How shortsighted is our thinking if we take the singer of the "Occidental Song" to be the poet of decay. How inattentively and insensitively we listen if we insist on approaching Trakl's other work called "Land of Evening" (171ff.) only through its last, third section while doggedly ignoring the middle section of this triptych together with its preparation in the first section. In "Land of Evening" the Elis figure again appears, whereas "Helian" and "Sebastian in a Dream" are no longer named in the last poetic works. The steps of the alien radiate. They resound out of the "leisure ghost" of the ancient forest legend. The closing section, in which the "great cities, / erected of stone / upon the plain!" are named, has already been overcome in the middle section of this work. The cities are already in possession of their destiny. It is a different destiny from that which is spoken "beside the greening hill" where the "spring storm sings," beside the hill with its "correct measure" (134), which is also called the "evening hill" (150). There has been talk about Trakl's "intrinsic lack of historicity." What is meant by "history" in this judgment? If the word means only a "chronicle," i.e. the registration of past events, then Trakl is indeed unhistorical. His poetic composition has no need for historical "items." Why not? Because his Poem is historical in the highest sense. His poetic work sings of the fateful sending of the stamp which stamps the human cast into the essence still reserved for it and thereby saves it.

Trakl's work sings the song of the soul, which, as "a stranger foregoing earth," for the first time begins to journey on earth as the stiller home of the homecoming cast.

Is this a dreamy romanticism off to the side of the technically-economically oriented world of modern mass existence? Or--is it the clear knowledge of the "insensate one," who sees and senses something other than the newscasters, who exhaust themselves in chronicling the present, whose predicted future is always merely the extension of today's news, coming events which remain without the arrival of a destiny which first confronts man with the inauguration of his essence?

The poet sees the soul, "a stranger," sent along a path which does not lead into decay, disintegration or downfall, but, on the contrary, into a descent. This descent bends under and adapts itself to the mighty death which the dying one dies forth into earliness. The brother, the singer, dies in his direction. In the process of dying, the friend, following the alien, spends the night in the ghostly night of the year of departure. His singing is the "Song of a Captured Thrush." This is the name the poet gives to a work dedicated to L. v. Ficker. The thrush is that bird which called Elis into descent. The captured thrush is the bird voice of the death-like one. It is imprisoned in the solitude of the golden steps, which correspond to the ride of the golden boat on which Elis' heart traverses the starry pond of the blue night, thereby indicating for the soul the course of its essence.

The soul is a stranger foregoing earth.
The soul journeys in the direction of the land of evening, which is permeated with the ghost of departure and is therefore "ghostly."

All formulas are dangerous. They force what is said into the superficiality of quick opinion and easily ruin the attempt to think something through. But they can also be a help, or at least an incentive and a foothold for persistent contemplation. With this proviso we may formulate the following:

A determination of his Poem shows us Georg Trakl as the poet of the still concealed land of evening.

The soul is a stranger foregoing earth.
This sentence stands in the poetic work "Springtime of the Soul" (149f.). The line which serves as a bridge to that final stanza in which the sentence belongs goes as follows:

A mighty death and the singing flame in the heart. Thereupon follows the ascent of the song into the pure echo of the euphony of the ghostly years, which that alien traverses whom the brother, beginning to reside in the land of evening, follows:

Darker the waters encompass the sparkling play of the fishes.
Requiem hour, taciturn look of the sun;
The soul is a stranger foregoing earth. Ghostly the twilight
Blueing over the dissevered forest and long, dark,
The bell in the village is pealing; peaceful companion.
Still blooms the myrtle over the white eyelids of the dead.

The leisurely waters sing in the sinking afternoon
And the wild turn greener, darker on the shore, joy in the roseate wind;
Composed song of the brother by the evening hill.

THE WAY TO LANGUAGE[1]

Let us begin by listening to a phrase from Novalis. It is to be found in a text entitled Monologue.[2] The title points toward the secret of language: language speaks of itself alone. One of the sentences in this text runs as follows: "Precisely that which is most idiomatic of language, namely that it is concerned exclusively with itself, is unknown to anyone."

If we take what we are about to try to say as a series of assertions about language, we shall never get beyond a chain of unverified, scientifically unverifiable propositions. On the other hand, if we can experience the way to language in terms of what unfolds along the way, a suggestion may arise whereby language could make a gesture toward us from an unfamiliar perspective.

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[1] The lecture Der Weg zur Sprache is one of a series of lectures on the general topic "Language" given in January, 1959, under the auspices of the Bavarian Academy of Fine Arts and the Academy of Arts in Berlin. Before being printed in Unterwegs zur Sprache (Pfullingen, 1959), the text was revised and in a few places expanded. It appeared for the first time in the fourth issue of Gestalt und Gedanke, 1959, under the editorship of Clemens Graf Podewils.

[2] [An English translation of this text appears at the end of this essay. (Tr.)]

The way to language--this sounds as if language were somewhere far away, somewhere to which we must first make our way. But is there really any need for a way _to_ language? According to an ancient source, we are ourselves the ones who have the ability to speak and thus we already possess language. Moreover, the ability to speak is not just _one_ of man's talents, among many others. The ability to speak delineates man as man. This delineation draws the outline of his essence. Man would not be man if it were forbidden him to speak unceasingly, in any direction, every which way, from all sides, and within the context of an "it is" that is seldom specifically acknowledged. Insofar as language vouchsafes such a context, the essence of man has its foundation in language.

Thus we are in and of language from the very beginning. There is no need for a way to it. The way to language is moreover impossible if we already find ourselves at the end of such a path. But are we there? Are we so situated within language that we can experience its essence, that we can think language in its own terms by listening for language's inherent idiom and perceiving it? Do we already linger within the vicinity of language, without additional effort on our part? Or is the way to language as language the longest road that can be thought? Not only the longest, but one lined with pitfalls which arise in language itself as soon as we make the effort to pursue language directly into its midst, without looking aside.

In this regard we are going to attempt something unusual and would like to rephrase it in the following manner: we are going to attempt *to let language as language speak its own language*. This sounds like a formula. The formula uses the word "language" three times, in each case saying something different and yet the same. It is this underlying sameness which holds together and correlates what is held apart within the unified totality constituting the inherently idiomatic foundation of language. To begin with, of course, the formula designates a complex of relationships within which we ourselves are already accomplices. The project of a way to language involves a kind of speaking which deliberately aims at exposing language in order to conceptualize it as language and give it expression in language, all of which at the same time serves as evidence that language itself makes such speaking possible.

We see before us in the complex designated by the guiding formula an area already staked out within which not only this series of lectures but all linguistic science, all language theory and philosophy of language, in fact any attempt to reflect on language must find its place.

A complex compresses, confines and prevents an open panoramic view within its complicated interior. At the same time, the complex which the guideline formula holds before us is the proper province of language. Therefore we must not look away from this complex, which apparently twists everything into a tangle. The formula should rather press our reflective powers to make the attempt, not, to be sure, to do away with the complex, but to loosen it in such a way that it affords a view into the open interaction of the relationships which the formula designates. Perhaps the complex involves a tie which, in an ever unfamiliar way, loosens language and releases it into its own. The whole point is to experience within the complex of language the releasing tie.

The lecture which considers language to be information and thereby has to think information as language[3] refers to this tie which is involved in itself as a circle, an unavoidable yet meaningful circle. The circle is a special case of the aforementioned complex. The circle is meaningful because the direction and the manner of circling is determined by language itself by means of a movement within language. We would like to experience the character and sphere of influence of this movement in terms of language itself by letting ourselves into the complex.

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[3] In the lecture series which first occasioned the above essay, C. Fr. v. Weizsäcker spoke on the topic "Language as Information."

The more distinctly language shows itself coming into its own, the more significant the way to language becomes in its own right. At the same time the sense of the guideline begins to change decisively. It loses its formula-character and quite unexpectedly lets us hear, in silent accord, a bit of the authentic and inherent idiom of language.

I

Language: we have in mind speaking, know it as our function and have confidence in our competence at it. At the same time it is no firm possession. Language deserts a man when he is terrified or surprised. He merely stands stunned and struck. He no longer speaks; he is silent. Someone loses his speech by accident. He no longer speaks. But he is not silent either. He remains mute. For purposes of speaking, articulated pronouncement is required, whether we carry it out (in speaking), or abstain from it (in silence), or are incapable of it (in loss of speech). Speaking calls for an articulate and vocal promulgation of sound. Language shows itself in speaking as the activation of the speech organs that are available: mouth, lips, teeth, tongue, throat. That language has been conceived directly in terms of these appearances since ancient times is attested to by the names which the Western languages have given themselves: γλῶσσα, *lingua*, *langue*, language. Language is the tongue, or *Mund*-*art*, the mode of the mouth.

At the beginning of a treatise which later received the title περὶ ἑρμηνείας, *de interpretatione*, *Ueber das Aussagen*, Aristotle says the following:

> Ἔστι μὲν οὖν τὰ ἐν τῇ φωνῇ τῶν ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ παθημάτων σύμβολα, καὶ τὰ γραφόμενα τῶν ἐν τῇ φωνῇ. καὶ ὥσπερ οὐδὲ γράμματα πᾶσι τὰ αὐτά, οὐδὲ φωναὶ αἱ αὐταί· ὧν μέντοι ταῦτα σημεῖα πρώτων, ταὐτὰ πᾶσι παθήματα τῆς ψυχῆς, καὶ ὧν ταῦτα ὁμοιώματα πράγματα ἤδη ταὐτά.

The text could be adequately translated only by means of a careful exegesis. Here we shall have to be content with makeshift. Aristotle says:

> Now, that which (takes place) in the vocal expression is a show of that which there is in the soul in the way of passions, and the written is a show of the vocal sounds. And just as writing is not the same among all (men), so also the vocal sounds are not the same. On the other hand, that of which these (sounds and writings) are indications in the first place, they are among all (men) the same passions of the soul, and the matters

> of which these (the passions) show representative likenesses are also the same.

The translation understands σημεῖα (the indicative), σύμβολα (that-which-holds-up-one-against-the-other) and ὁμοιώματα (likenesses) at all times in terms of showing in the sense of letting appear, which in turn rests within the sphere of unconcealment (ἀλήθεια). However, the translation itself makes no attempt to call specific attention to the different modes of showing evident in the text.

Aristotle's text comprises that self-possessed, even-tempered diction which makes the classical framework visible wherein language as speaking remains secure. Letters show sounds. Sounds show the passions of the soul, and these passions show the matters which occasion them.

The show itself sets up and supports the struts and stays of the framework. In manifold ways, disclosing or disguising, the show lets something appear, allows the appearance to be perceived and the perception to be examined and dealt with. The interrelation of the show with that which is shown, something which has never been completely unfolded in its own terms and in terms of how it comes about, changes subsequently into a conventional relationship between a sign and its signification. The Greek of the

Golden Age experiences a sign in terms of the show and lets the show coin the sign to stand for it. Since Hellenistic (Stoic) times the sign arises by means of a stipulation and serves as the instrument for a denotation which allows the concept taken from one object to be transferred and adapted to some other object. Such a denotation is no longer a showing in the sense of a bringing into appearance. The gradual changing of the sign from something which shows to something which signifies or denotes has its basis in the change of the essence of truth.[4]

Since the Greeks, the existant has been experienced as something present. Insofar as language exists, it is, as whatever kind of speaking is around, part of that which is present to us. Language, from the standpoint of speaking, is normally viewed with respect to its articulated sounds, the carriers of meanings. Speaking is a kind of human activity.

This conception of language, only touched upon here in passing, has remained through the centuries in all its variant forms the enduring and governing one. Arising in Greek antiquity and aspired to in manifold ways, it finally pulls itself together at the summit in Wilhelm von Humboldt's contemplation of language, ultimately in the great introduction to his work on the Kawi language of Java. One year after the death of his brother, Alexander von Humboldt published the introduction separately under the title "On the differences in human linguistic structure and their influence on the spiritual development of the human race" (Berlin, 1836).[5] Ever since, this treatise has determined, for or against, explicitly or implicitly, the course of all subsequent philology and philosophy of language.[6]

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[4] cf. Platons Lehre von der Wahrheit. 1947 (first published in Geistige Ueberlieferung II. 1942, pp. 96-124)

Every member of the audience attending this attempted series of lectures ought to have thought through and have at his fingertips this amazing, obscure and yet always stimulating treatise of Wilhelm von Humboldt. In that way we would all have a common vantage point from which to take a look into language. This is not the case. We will have to put up with this shortcoming. But let us not dismiss it.

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[5] *Ueber die Verschiedenheit des menschlichen Sprachbaues und ihren Einfluss auf die geistige Entwicklung des Menschengeschlechts*. The following quotations are taken from E. Wasmuth's anastatic edition of 1936. [See also *Humanist without Portfolio*, an anthology of the writings of Wilhelm von Humboldt, trans. by Marianne Cowan, Detroit 1963, which contains a short sample of the above work. (Tr.)]

[6] [See Noam Chomsky, *Current Issues in Linguistic Theory* (Mouton and Co., The Hague, 1964) and *Cartesian Linguistics, A Chapter in the History of Rationalist Thought* (Harper & Row, New York, 1966) as examples of current American works in linguistics containing numerous references to Humboldt. (Tr.)]

According to Wilhelm v. Humboldt the "articulated sound" is "the foundation and the essence of all speaking . . ." (Ueber die Verschiedenheit, #10, p. 65). In #8, p. 41 of his treatise, Humboldt formulates those assertions which, though often quoted, are seldom thought through specifically to see how they define Humboldt's way to language. The sentences run as follows:

> Language, taken for what it really is, is something constantly and at every moment transitory. Even its preservation by means of writing is always only an incomplete mummylike storage, which of course makes it necessary for one involved with it to begin again to seek to reconstruct the live recitation of it. Language itself is not a product (ergon) but an activity (energeia). Its true definition can therefore only be a genetic one. Language is, namely, the constantly repetitive effort of the spirit to make the articulated sound capable of expressing thought. In the direct and strict sense, this is the definition of the individual act of speaking wherever it occurs; but in the true and essential sense one can also look upon the totality of this speaking as if it were language itself.

Here Humboldt says that the essential element of language is to be found in the act of speaking. Does he thereby also say what language, looked at in this way, is as language? Does he let the act of speaking, taken as language, speak for itself? We shall purposely leave the question unanswered, adding however the following observation:

Humboldt conceives of language as a particular "effort of the spirit." Starting from there, he looks for something which shows itself as the what-it-is of language. This what-it-is is called the essence. As soon as we now follow up and circumscribe the effort of the spirit with respect to its speech-production, that essence, grasped in this way, should step forward more clearly. Yet the spirit lives--even in Humboldt's sense--in other activities and achievements as well. But if language is counted among these, then language is not experienced in terms of its inherent idiom, but rather set aside in favor of something other. At the same time this other remains too important for us to be allowed to overlook it while reflecting on language. What activity does Humboldt have in mind in comprehending language as effort of the spirit? A few lines from the beginning of #8 answer this question:

> One must not look at _language_ as some sort of dead _product_, but rather as a _production_.

> One must abstract more and more from what it does as the designator of objects and the medium of understanding and concentrate instead on its origin in connection with the inner activity of the spirit, reflecting on the mutual influence of language and spirit.

Humboldt is here referring to his concept of the "inner language form," mentioned in #11 but difficult to understand, which we can approach a little more closely by asking the question: what is speaking as expression of thought, if we are to consider it in accordance with its origin in inner spiritual activity? The answer is to be found in a sentence (#20, p. 205) whose adequate interpretation would require a separate and special investigation of the terms:

> If the feeling truly awakens in the soul that language is not merely an exchange medium for mutual understanding, but a true world, which the spirit has to set between itself and objects by means of the inner effort of its power, then the soul is on the true path to find ever more in language and to put ever more into it.

The work of the spirit is, according to the teaching of modern idealism, a setting (thesis). Because the spirit is taken as subject and conceptualized in accordance with the subject-object modal, the setting must be the synthesis between the subject and its object. That which is set up in this way constitutes a perspective of the objects as a whole. What the power of the subject works out and sets between itself and the objects, Humboldt calls a "world." Within such a "world view" a segment of mankind finds its expression.

But why does Humboldt see language as world and world view? Because his way to language is not so much defined in terms of language as language but in terms of his striving to present the over-all historically-momentous spiritual development of mankind both as a whole and in its particulars. In the fragment of an autobiography from the year 1816, Humboldt writes: "My striving is precisely to comprehend the world in its individuality and totality."

Now, a comprehension of the world along these lines can draw from a variety of sources, because the self-expressive power of the spirit is active in manifold ways. Humboldt recognizes and chooses language as one of the main sources. Though not, of course, the only form of world view evolving out of human subjectivity, it is nevertheless impressive enough in its power to put its stamp on the developmental history of man to merit special attention. Now the title of Humboldt's treatise becomes a little more explicit with respect to its approach to language.

Humboldt treats "on the differences in human linguistic structure" insofar as "the spiritual development of the human race" stands under "their influence." Humboldt lets language speak as one form of the world view worked out in human subjectivity.

What language does language speak? It expresses itself as a series of assertions which speak the language of the metaphysics of his time, a language which reflects the authority of the philosophy of Leibnitz. This authority expresses itself most clearly in the fact that Humboldt defines the essence of language as energeia, yet understands this term in a completely un-Greek way, taking it in the sense of Leibnitz' monadology as the activity of the subject. Humboldt's way to language aims at man: it leads through language to the investigation and presentation of the spiritual development of the human race.

Seen from such a perspective, the essence of language does not make apparent the language essence, the guise in which language is essentially oriented as language, i.e., in which language remains assembled in its inherent idiom.

As soon as we begin to reflect on language as language, we have given up the customary procedure in language investigation. We can no longer look around for general conceptions such as energy, activity, effort, spiritual power, world view, or expression, under which language is subsumed as a special case of the general. Instead of explaining language in terms of this or that, and thus running away from language, the way to it would prefer to let language be experienced as language. Language is indeed comprehended within the essence of language, but it has so far been apprehended by means of something other than itself. If on the other hand we concentrate only on language as language, we cannot get anywhere until we have drawn out and laid before us everything which belongs to language as language.

Yet it is one thing to gather together all manner of things which show themselves to be associated with language, quite something else to assemble for ourselves a look into that which of itself gives this association its unity, insofar as this unifier imparts that inherently idiomatic unity characteristic of language.

The way to language will attempt hereafter to follow more precisely the guideline set forth by the formula: it will attempt to let language speak its own language as language. This necessitates approaching more closely the idiomatic element of language. Here too language shows itself at first as our way of speaking. Let us restrict our attention to such factors as are and have always been involved with speaking, and always to the same extent, whether noticed or not.

Closely connected with the speaking process are the speakers, but not necessarily only as the cause to the effect. The speakers to a far greater extent achieve their presence in speaking. In what respect? With respect to that whereof they speak, which they live with as whatever at one time or another concerns them. This comprizes everything which conditionally delimits the latter and discernibly defines the former. All this is at any time, in one way or another, already spoken to and spoken for, which lets it be spoken about and spoken through, spoken of in such a way that the speakers speak to and with one another and to themselves. What is spoken remains through it all many sided. Often only those aspects of the spoken which are expressly spoken out either quickly pass into oblivion or in some way become preserved. What is spoken can have slipped by or even long ago have slipped in as that which is taken for granted.

The spoken stems in manifold ways from the unspoken, whether this be something not yet spoken or something which must remain unspoken in the sense that it is withheld from speaking. Thus what is spoken in many ways begins to appear as if it were separated from the speaking process and from the speakers and no longer belonged to them, whereas it of course first bears for speaking and the speakers that toward which they have a bearing, no matter how they bear themselves in relation to the spokeness of the unspoken.

A great diversity of elements and relations show themselves in the language essence. They have been counted up yet not tallied. In going through and taking account in the original sense, which does not yet reckon with numbers, we heard tell of a mutual association. The telling [AS. tellan, G. zählen, erzählen] counts forward toward that which unifies this association, without at the same time being able to produce it.

There is a long history underlying the now apparent incapability of thought to see directly the unifying unity of the language essence. That is also why it never received a name. The traditional names for that which one has in mind under the rubric "language" specify this unity only from the point of view of one or another of the aspects which the language essence proffers.

The unity which we seek would bid us call it the drawing-up. The name itself forces us to catch a clearer glimpse of the inherent idiom of the language essence. Drawing is directly connected with writing; by drawing across a paper we transfigure it with inscriptions. Similarly, when we draw a plow across a field we turn it up and turn it over; in drawing furrows we break up the field so that it can draw in seed and draw forth growth. The drawing-up takes shape as the sum and substance of that delineation which runs through and consolidates the disclosures, the revelations in language. The drawing-up is the delineation of the language essence, the structure and articulation of a showing into which are incorporated the speakers, their speaking, and the spoken, including its unspoken aspects in terms of what is taken for granted.

Yet we shall never see how the language essence is drawn up even as an approximate delineation as long as we do not properly appreciate in what sense we have already spoken of speaking and the spoken.

To be sure, speaking is vocalization. It can also be considered as an activity of man. Both are correct conceptions of language as speaking. Both will now be ignored, for, although we do not want to forget how long the vocal side of language has been waiting for a sound definition, the phonetic-acoustic-physiological explanation of voicing does not experience the origin of sound in the ringing of stillness, and even less how sound rings out through that stillness as a discernible voice.

But how, then, are speaking and the spoken thought in the above short sketch of the language essence? They have shown themselves already as that by means of which and within which something expresses itself in language, i.e., makes an appearance, _insofar as something is said_. To say and to speak are not the same. Someone can speak, speak endlessly, and all the time say nothing. On the other hand, someone else can remain silent, not speak at all and yet, in not speaking, say a great deal.

But what does _say_ mean? In order to experience this, we must restrict ourselves to that which our own language tells us to think with respect to this word. "Say" [cf. G. _sagen_, IE. *sek$^{\underline{u}}$ –, *sok$^{\underline{u}}$ –, also the related word "see"] means: show, let appear, be seen and be heard.

In pointing out what now follows, we shall be saying something which is self-evident but whose consequences have nevertheless scarcely been considered. To speak to one another means: to say something to one another, to show each other something, to confide the shown alternatively to one another. To speak with one another means: to expound something jointly, to show one another the portent of that which has drawn them into conversation, to develop the topic under discussion in its own terms insofar as it speaks to them. The unspoken is not only something lacking voice, it is something unsaid, something not yet shown, something which has not yet succeeded in appearing. Anything which must remain completely unspoken remains held back in the unsaid, remains concealed as unshowable, remains a secret. And anything which is taken for granted speaks by indicating something which can be spoken of without even resorting to voice.

In saying something, speaking is drawn into the drawing up of the language essence, which is permeated with all the modes of the sayable and the said, modes in which everything that is present or absent can either assent, consent or dissent, that is, can show itself or withdraw. This multiformed sayability, which derives what it says from so many different sources, is the pervasive element in the drawing up of the language essence. Looking to the manifold relationships between the sayable and the said, we shall call the language essence as a whole *saying* and confess that even now we have not yet caught sight of the over-all unifier of this manifold.

Today we have a tendency to use the word "saying" like so many other words in our language, in a somewhat diminished sense. Saying counts as mere saying, rumor, as something not substantiated and therefore not worthy of belief. "Saying" is not taken in this sense here, nor in the more substantial sense of adages, proverbs, maxims or sagas. Is it used perhaps in the sense of Trakl's line "the venerable saying of the blue source"? According to the oldest usage of the word, we understand saying directly in terms of showing (*zeigen*) and thus connect with it, insofar as the language essence rests within it, an old, well-attested but obsolete German word, *die Zeige* (indicant). One of the translations for *pronomen demonstrativum* is *Zeigewörtlin*. Jean Paul calls the appearances of nature "*den geistigen Zeigefinger*," the spiritual indexfinger.[7]

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[7] [We may point out here that the verb *zeigen* (to show) and the noun *die Zeige* (indicant) are related, together with *zeihen* (to accuse) and *Zeichen* (sign), to the Latin *dicere* (to speak) and the Greek δείκνυμι (to show, point out, bring to light). All these words show a common IE root complex, *deik-, *dei-, *deia-, whose basic meaning is to shine brightly, to shimmer, to appear in the light. Cf. also Greek δέελος, δῆλος (visible, manifest). (Tr.)]

The essential orientation in language is saying as indicant. Its indications are not grounded in any sort of sign, but rather all signs stem from an indication, are assigned to it and carry out its designs.

In view of the composition of saying, it would be a mistake to ascribe indicative showing either exclusively or conclusively to human activity. In showing up, anything present, of whatever kind or level, indicates as an appearance the extent to which it is present or absent. Even when such a show requires human saying to bring it about, it is only possible to carry out the show in terms of hints previously received.

Not until human saying is seen in this wider context can we adequately define the essential orientation in all speaking. Speaking is known to be the articulated vocalization of thought by means of the speech organs. But speaking is also listening. It is customary to set speaking and listening opposite one another: one speaks, the other listens. But listening accompanies and surrounds not only speaking as it takes place in conversation. The conjunction of speaking and listening has a wider scope. Speaking is inherently a listening. It is paying attention to the language which we speak. Thus speaking is not a listening in addition, but in the first place. This paying attention to language also precedes all other conceivable kinds of listening, and it does so in a most unpretentious way. We do not only speak a language, we speak in terms of it. We can do this only because each one of us has already heard and paid attention to the language. What do we hear in that direction? We hear the speaking of language.

But does language itself speak? How is it supposed to bring that about, when it is clearly not equipped with speech organs? Nevertheless, language speaks. It agrees above all and inherently with the essential orientation of the speaking process: it says something. Language speaks by saying i.e. showing. Its diction issues from the once spoken and as yet still unspoken saying which permeates the drawing up of the language essence. Language speaks in that it, as indicant, reaches into all regions of presence and lets anything present appear and disappear within it. Accordingly, we pay attention to language in such a way that we allow its saying to be said to us. No matter what else happens when we listen, whenever we hear something, that hearing is an allowing oneself to be told which already holds within it all perception and conception. In speaking as the listening to language, we speak dedicatively the saying we have heard. We let the unvocalized voice of language come to us and at the same time we reach out and call for the sound which is already kept in store for us. By now perhaps we may begin to catch sight of at least one feature within the drawing up of the language essence in terms of which language as speaking is gathered in its inherent idiom and thus may speak its own language.

If speaking as listening to language lets saying be said to it, then this letting can only extend itself insofar and in so near as our own essence is let into saying. We apprehend saying only because we are comprehended within it. Saying confers the hearing, and thus the speaking, of language only on those who belong to saying and are comprehended within it. Such conferment is borne within saying. It bears with it our ability to speak. The essential orientation of language rests with the conferential nature of saying.

And saying itself? Is it something separate from our speaking, toward which it would first be necessary to build a bridge? Or is saying the stream of stillness itself, which, in the very process of determining its own shorelines of diction and dedication, ties them together? Our usual conceptions of language hardly encompass that much. Saying!--do we not run the risk, when we try to think the language essence in terms of it, of elevating language into a fantastic, self-contained essence which we cannot find anywhere as long as we go after language in a sober fashion? For language, we all know, remains indisputably bound to human language. Certainly. Yet of what sort is that bond? From where and how does its binding power govern? Language requires human speaking and is at the same time not the mere product of our speech activity. In what rests the language essence, i.e. in what is it grounded? Perhaps in looking for grounds we are in danger of bypassing the very question of the language essence.

Is perhaps saying itself the resting place which bears in stillness the assembly composing the composition of the language essence?

Before we think further in that direction, let us look again at the way to language. To begin with, it was pointed out that the more pointedly language appears as itself, the more radically the way to it changes. Till now the way had the character of a path which directs our thoughts into language as contained within the peculiar complex formulated by the guiding formula. Taking our cue from Wilhelm v. Humboldt and starting with the speaking process, we tried first to arrive at a conception of what language is, and then went after its grounds. That made it necessary to recount everything which belongs to the drawing up of the language essence. Further reflection on the drawing up drew us to language as saying.

III

Now that we have sketched an elucidation of the language essence in terms of saying, the way to language has arrived at language as language, and thus has reached its goal. Inquiry has managed to put the way to language behind itself. So it appears and so it is, as long as one takes the way to language as the path of a thinking which inquires _after_ language. In truth, though, we must confess that our inquiry merely places us _before_ the long-sought way _to_ language. We are as yet barely on the track. For in the meantime, hints emanating from the language essence itself indicate that something very like a way is operative in language as saying.

What is a way? A way makes arriving possible. Saying is that which, insofar as we listen to it, allows us to arrive at the speaking of language.

The way to speaking is essentially oriented in language itself. The way to spoken language is operative in language as saying. The inherent idiom of language is therefore concealed in the way in which saying lets those who listen to it arrive at language. We develop an ear for language only insofar as we take part in saying. The way to speaking derives from our being comprehended into saying. Here we have the essential orientation of the way to language. But how does saying operate so as to comprehend the listener? If the essential orientation of saying is ever to be revealed, we shall have to examine more closely the results arrived at in the foregoing elucidation.

Saying is showing. In everything which speaks to us, in everything which affects us in having been spoken or spoken about, in everything which waits, unspoken, for us to speak, as well as in that speaking for which *we* are directly responsible, showing holds sway, letting what is present appear and what is absent disappear. Saying is by no means the subsequent linguistic expression of already apparent appearances, but rather all appearance and disappearance rests in indicative saying. It frees something present into its particular presence, recaptures something absent into its particular absence. Saying permeates and composes the open clearing which all appearances seek out and all disappearances leave behind and into which every particular presence or absence must show itself, must say and announce itself.

Saying is the assemblage, composing all appearances, of an inherently manifold showing which everywhere lets the shown show itself as it is.

From whence does the show originate? The question asks too much too early. It is enough to ask what it is that invokes the show in such a way as to evoke what is shown. For this we do not have far to look. All that is needed is a sudden, unforgettable and therefore ever startling glance into something which is, to be sure, familiar enough and yet unknown and unacknowledged. This unobstrusive yet familiar entity which has the power to invoke the evocative show of saying is for everything present and absent the first dawning of the light which thereafter alternates as night and day; it is at once the first and final moment. We can do no more than name it; it is impossible to discuss it in other terms, for it itself determines the scope and compass of all terms and of all interplays of time and space. We shall name it with a well-established phrase and say:

The evocative power in the show of saying is the force of implication.

The force of implication draws everything present and absent into its own inherent idiom, unfolds its indicative features and lets it carry on according to its kind. The unfolding implication which invokes saying to show itself as indicant may be called the display. The display deploys the revelatory freedom of the clearing into which everything present infers itself and out of which everything absent deferentially withdraws. Whatever the display deploys through saying is never the effect of a cause, nor is it the consequence of a principle. The unfolding implication, the display, confers more than any doing, making or founding. The displaying agent is the display itself--and nothing in addition.[8] The display, as seen in the show of saying, can be conceived neither as an event nor as a happening, but can only be experienced within the show of saying as its conferment. There is nothing else to which the display can be reduced or in terms of which it could in any sense be explained. The display is not the outcome (result) of something else, but the unfolding whose far-reaching yield for the first time bears anything like a "there is," a "there is" which still requires "Being" in order properly to come into its own as presence.[9]

[8] Cf. Identität und Differenz, 1957, p. 28ff.

[9] Cf. Sein und Zeit, 1927, #44.

The display assembles the drawing up of saying and unfolds it before the eye as the manifold structure of showing. The display itself is the least apparent of appearances, the most simple of simplicities, the nearest of the near and the farthest of the far within which we mortals dwell in life.

We can expatiate on the display which holds sway in saying only by saying: it--the display--implicates. When we say this we are speaking in our own implicitly spoken language. We can hear verses by Goethe which use the word "implication" in connection with "showing" and "designation," though not with reference to the language essence. Goethe says:

> From dawn till dark in superstition's clothes,
> It implicates and calls to us, it shows.[10]

In another place we find the following modification:

> Given all through designation
> That we covet or we fear,
> Only thanks through implication
> Makes our life worth living here.[11]

The display grants to mortals their dwelling place within their essence, so that they may be capable of speech.

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[10] "Von Aberglauben früh und spat umgarnt:
Es eignet sich, es zeigt sich an, es warnt."
Faust, Part II, Act V, "Mitternacht"

[11] "Sei auch noch so viel bezeichnet,
Was man fürchtet, was begehrt,
Nur weil es dem Dank sich eignet,
Ist das Leben schätzenswert."
"Dem Grossherzog Karl August zu Neujahr 1828."

If we understand this granting as the laying down which lets everything become present in its own way and belong to its own comprehensive order, then the display is the least pretentious and most benign of all laws, even more benign than what Adalbert Stifter recognized as "the benign law." The display is of course not law in the sense of a norm which somehow hovers over us, nor is it an ordinance which orders and regulates a course of events.

The display is the "laying down" (law) insofar as it implicates (assembles) mortals in their essence and holds them to it.

Because the show of saying is implicational, the ability to listen to saying and take part in it also rests in the display. In order to appreciate the full significance of this, it would be necessary to think through with sufficient completeness the human essence in all its facets, not to mention the display as such.[12] Here a few suggestions will have to do.

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[12] Cf. Vorträge und Aufsatze (1954): Das Ding p. 163ff; Bauen Wohnen Denken p. 145ff; Die Frage nach der Technik p.13ff. In a time when so much half-baked and half-thought material is rushed immediately into publication, it may come as a surprise to many that the author has used the word "display" for more than twenty five years in connection with the matter here under discussion. This matter, although in itself quite simple, poses some initial difficulties if one insists on equating the display with "Being." But the display is essentially different; it is richer than any possible metaphysical definition of Being. However, Being can be thought in terms of the display with respect to the origin of its essence.

In its dis-plication, i.e., unfolding before the eye, of the human essence, the display displays mortals as follows: it implicates them by explicating for them what saying *in*dicates to man from all sides with respect to the unknown. The implication-by-explication of man, as listener, into saying becomes explicit as the human essence comes into its own, but only to the extent that man as speaker, i.e., as someone saying something, replies (*re*-*plicare*) to saying on his own and in his own terms. The explicit features of this process are the sounds of words. Mortals reply to saying by answering. Every spoken word is already an answer, a response, a rejoinder, a listening return. The implication-by-explication of mortals into saying releases the human essence into the vocation which calls man to turn soundless saying into the polyphony of language.

Within vocational implication-by-explication the display lets saying become speaking. The way to language as speech is comprehended within saying in terms of the display. This way, which belongs to the language essence, is that within which the inherent idiom of language conceals itself. The way is displicational.

To make a way, for example through a snow-covered field, is today still called *wëgen* in the Alemmanic-Swabian dialect. This transitively used verb means: to forge a way and in forging it to hold it open. If we think way-making movement (Be-wëgung) in this sense, then it no longer means the motion of something up and down a path which is already available, but rather: the unfolding of the way to . . . for the first time. Thus the movement is the way itself.

The display draws man into a calling adapted to its needs. In unfolding the show as the force of implication, the display is the way-making movement of saying into language.

This way-making movement lets language (the language essence) as language (saying) speak its own language (as the sounding word). The reference to the way to language no longer refers only or primarily to the path our thought takes as it reflects upon language. The way to language has changed en route. It has shifted its locus from our performance to the displayed language essence. But the change in the way to language, which becomes apparent to us now for the first time, is a shift only for us and from our point of view. In truth the locus of the way to language has always been within the language essence. But this implies the following as well: the way as we first envisioned it does not become untenable but becomes possible and necessary only after we have traveled the inherently idiomatic way, that is to say, only after we have experienced the displayful-vocational way-making movement. Because the language essence rests as indicative saying in a display which draws us humans into a state of release permitting free and open listening, the way-making movement of saying into speech opens for us for the first time the path along which we can reflect upon the inherently idiomatic way to language.

The formula for the way: letting language as language speak its own language, no longer contains merely a hint for us who contemplate language, but rather it indicates the form, the Gestalt, of the structure in which the language essence, resting in display, makes its way.

Unthought, listened to only in accordance with its mere word sounds, the formula expresses a complex of relations in which language entangles itself. One would expect any attempt to form a conception of language along this line to employ dialectical devices to deal with this entanglement. Yet such a procedure, to which one is tempted by the formula's form and by the desire to conceptualize language, misses the possibility of viewing thoughtfully (that is, by entering idiomatically the way-making movement) the inherent simplicity of the language essence.

What looks like a hopelessly tangled complex loosens up, when seen in terms of the way-making movement, into the open display which unfolds itself in saying. The way-making movement releases saying into speaking. It holds open the way along which speaking as listening waits in anticipation for whatever is to be said, so that it can raise the emancipated saying into the sounding word. The way-making movement of saying into spoken language is the releasing tie that ties together the assembly it unfolds in the display.

Thus released into its own revelatory freeness, language can concern itself solely with itself. This sounds like talk about an egoistic solipsism. But language does not stick obstinately to itself in the sense of a purely egotistical, all-forgetting self-reflection. As saying, the language essence is the displicational showing which, after all, points away from itself in order thereby to free what is shown into the idiomatic own of its appearance.

Language, which speaks by indicating, concerns itself to see that our speaking, which is a listening to the unspoken, bespeaks what is said to it. Thus even silence, which one likes to ascribe to speaking as its origin, is already a bespeaking.[13] Silence bespeaks the soundless ring of the stillness of displayful-indicative saying. Saying, resting within the display, is, as indicative showing, the most inherently idiomatic guise of the displaying process. The display says something. Accordingly, language speaks always in the guise in which the display uncovers or withdraws itself as such. For a thinking which inquires after the display this is hardly more than a conjecture, and yet it can already be experienced within the essence of modern technology, as designated by the still inadequately understood name standardization.[14] Insofar as it stabilizes man, i.e., causes man to take a stand, in which he orders everything present from a technological standpoint, standardization acts in the guise of display, but it does so by at the same time displacing the display, because all order sees itself _dis_guised into calculational thinking and hence restricted to standardized language. Speaking is made to bespeak the standard and standstill technological order for whatever is present and it must do so in every respect.

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[13] Cf. _Sein und Zeit_, 1927, #34.

[14] Cf. _Identität und Differenz_, 1957, p. 31f.

Speaking stabilized in such a way turns into information.[15] It informs itself about itself in order to secure and safeguard its own procedure by means of information theories. Standardization, the over-all governing essence of modern technology, sets about to formalize language in order to facilitate the kind of trenchant communication which uniformly informs man, i.e., intrenches man, in the technological-calculational essence at the expense of "natural language." Even when information theory has to admit that formalized language always refers back to "natural language," in order to unfold in the guise of nonformalized language the saying of the technological standpoint, this state of affairs represents only a preliminary stage in the continuing self-exposition of information theory. For the "natural language" which must be referred to here is assumed in advance to be an as yet unformalized language which is being set up for formalization. Formalization, the calculational setup of the sayable, is the goal and the standard. The "natural" aspect of language, which the will to formalize is, as it were, forced to concede for the time being, is not experienced with regard to the originative nature of language. This nature is φύσις, which for its part rests in the display out of which saying emanates evocatively. Information theory conceives of the natural element as lack of formalization.

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[15] Cf. Hebel--der Hausfreund, 1957, p. 34ff.

But even if one could be brought far enough along the way to realize that the language essence never allows itself to be broken up and recalculated into formalism, thus constraining us to say that the "natural language" is language which is unformalizable, even then the "natural language" is only being defined negatively, i.e., set off against the possibility or impossibility of formalization.

But what if "natural language," which remains for information theory just an annoying remnant, derived its nature, i.e., the essential orientation of the language essence, out of saying? What if saying, instead of merely frustrating the overthrow of language by information, had already overtaken the latter in terms of the inherent unorderability of the display? What if the display--no one knows when or how--became insight, whose illuminating lightning drives into that which is and which is taken as existent? What if, through its intervention, the display withdrew every presence from its place within the technological order and unfolded it again in its idiomatically own way?

Every human language unfolds within saying and is as such to some extent an idiomatic language in the literal sense, depending on its nearness and fidelity to the display itself. Because it is allotted to man by the way-making movement of saying, every inherently idiomatic language is moved into the historical moment, and is thereby historically momentous.

There is no natural language that could be described as the language of an unmoving, intrinsically available human nature. Every language is momentously historical, even where man is not acquainted with history in the modern European sense. Even language as information is not absolute language, but momentously historical in accordance with the sense and limitations of the present time, which does not begin anything new but rather carries to the extreme the old, the predicted aspects of modern times.

The inherently idiomatic characteristics of language rest in the displicational origin of the word, where word is human speaking in terms of saying.

Let us remember at the end as in the beginning the word from Novalis: "Precisely that which is most inherently idiomatic of language, namely that it is concerned exclusively with itself, is unknown to anyone." Novalis understands the inherently idiomatic as meaning the unique features which characterize language. The extent to which the language essence is experienced as the saying whose showing rests in the display, determines the degree to which a language's _own_, i.e., idiomatic, features display the force of implication and explication. How the idiomatic features draw their pre-indicated definition from this source is something which we cannot go into here.

The inherent idiom of language as defined directly in terms of the display is even more difficult to visualize than the unique features of language, if visualisation means: to have seen something in the entirety of its essence, seen from all around. We are not capable of seeing all sides of the language essence, because we, who can only say anything insofar as we say it dedicatively, are ourselves comprehended in saying. The monological character of the language essence fits structurely within the drawing up of saying. It does not and cannot coincide in this respect with the _Monologue_ as thought by Novalis, because Novalis treats language dialectically in terms of subjectivity, that is, within the framework of absolute idealism.

But language _is_ monologue. This now says something twofold: it is language _alone_ which inherently speaks. And it speaks to _itself_. Yet only one who is _not_ alone can speak to itself, if "alone" means all one, indivisible and complete. Within monologue, however, it is precisely the nonfulfillment of assemblage which forces the various relationships to assemble themselves. To speak to oneself means: to follow up indications which begin to show how all the various parts belong together as one. Indicative saying shows the way in which language is to be spoken by man. Saying calls for its promulgation in the word. But man is only able to speak insofar as he, comprehended within saying, apprehends it, in order dedicatively to be able to say a word. That calling and this dedication rest in that nonfulfillment which is neither a mere lack nor indeed anything negative.

In order to be who we are, we humans remain committed to the language essence and can therefore never step out of it and look it over from somewhere else. We glimpse the language essence only to that extent to which we are ourselves engaged by it, are implicated and explicated in it. That we cannot know the language essence--in accordance with the traditional concept of knowledge defined in terms of cognition as representation--is clearly no lack, but rather an advantage by means of which we are drawn in to a delineated realm, into that realm in which we, who are the ones called to speak language, live as mortals.

Saying does not permit itself to be captured in any assertion. It demands that we silently draw upon the displicational way-making movement in the language essence, without talking about the silence.

Saying, resting in display, is, as showing, the inherent idiom of the displicational process. This sounds like an assertion. If we take it only as that, then it cannot indicate what must be thought out. Saying is the guise in which the display speaks: guise not so much as mode or fashion, but as the melody (μέλος) which carries singingly what is said. For displicational saying unfolds into appearance what is present in terms of what it is, lauds, i.e., allows it in its own inherent essence. Hölderlin sings the following words in the beginning of the eighth stanza of "Friedensfeier":

> Much, from morning onward,
> Since we have been speaking and hearing from one another,
> Mankind has learned; but soon (we) shall be singing.

Language was called the "house of Being."[16] It is the protective covering, the "hide" of what is present, insofar as its appearance remains entrusted to the displicational showing of saying. Language is the house of Being because it is, as saying, the melodic guise of the display.

[16] Cf. *Brief über den Humanismus*, 1947.

In order to inquire after the language essence and reflect dedicatively what belongs to it, a change is called for in language which we can neither force into existence nor come upon by ourselves. This change does not emerge through the creation of newly constructed words and phrases. The change touches upon our bearing toward language. This bearing defines itself in accordance with the historically momentous movement that determines whether and how we are borne along in the display by the language essence as the pre-indication of that display. For in its unfolding, bearing and withdrawing, the display is the bearing of all bearings. Therefore our diction, as the answering dedication, remains always borne within something like a bearing. Bearing is thought here at all times in terms of the display and is no longer conceived in the form of mere relationship. Our bearing to language defines itself in terms of the guise in accordance with which we, as the called ones, are comprehended into the display.

Perhaps we can prepare a little the change in our relationship to language. Perhaps an experience can be initiated along the following lines. All reflective thought is poetic, all poetry, however, is thought. Both belong to one another in terms of that diction which has already come to accept the saying of the unsaid, because such diction is the thought as thankfulness.

That the possibility of a change in language was reached in Wilhelm von Humboldt's sphere of thought is attested to by the words from his treatise "On the differences in human linguistic structure. . . ." Wilhelm von Humboldt worked on this treatise, as his brother tells us in his foreword, "lonesomely, near the edge of a grave" up to the time of his death.

Wilhelm von Humboldt, whose profound look into the essence of language should never cease to amaze us, says the following:

> The utilization of already available sound forms to carry out the inherent aims of language ... is conceivable in the middle periods of the development of language. A people could, through inner enlightenment and under favorable external circumstances, impart such a different form to the language handed down to them that it may turn in the process into a wholly other, wholly new language" (#10, p. 84).

Further on we find these words (#11, p. 100):

> Without altering the language with regard to its sounds and even less with regard to its forms and laws, time often introduces into it, with the growth of ideas, the increase in brain power, and the extension of the perceptive faculty, what it formerly did not possess. Thereupon a different sense is incorporated into the same housing, the same features

> take on a different stamp, another grade of ideas is hinted at within the same structure. If anything, this is the constant fruit of the _literature_ of a people, and most particularly of _poetry_ and _philosophy_.

Monologue[17]

Anything to do with speaking and writing is by nature quite capricious; discourse is at best simply a play with words. How marvelously ridiculous it is that people think they speak on behalf of things! Precisely that which is most idiomatic of language, namely that it is concerned exclusively with itself, is unknown to anyone. That is why language is such a wonderful and fruitful mystery, for when someone simply speaks in order to speak, that is just when he brings forth the most splendid, most original truths. But when he wants to talk about something specific, fickle language lets him fill the air with nonsense. That accounts also for the hate which so many serious people have for language. They notice its mischievousness but do not notice that the kind of chatter they disdain represents the infinitely serious side of language. If only one could bring people to understand that the same is true of language that is true of mathematical formulas: these make up a world of their own, these deal only with themselves, express nothing but their own wonderful essence and are for that very reason so expressive--for that very reason do they reflect within themselves the curious interplay of relations among things. Only in their freedom are they limbs of nature and only in their free movement does the world soul manifest itself and make of them a faithful pattern and criterion of things. So it is also with language: whoever has a fine feeling for its fingering, for its beat, for its musical spirit, whoever perceives in himself the sensitive working of its inner nature and moves his tongue or his hand accordingly, he will be a prophet, whereas he who merely knows of this but has not ear or sense enough for it will write truths such as these, yet fall short of the power of language and be mocked by men like Cassandra by the Trojans. Whereas I believe thereby to have indicated as clearly as possible the essence and office of poetry, I know very well that no one can understand it and that I have said something quite silly because I have wanted to say it and in that way no poetry can come to pass. But what if I had to speak? and this linguistic compulsion to speak were the sign of the inspiration of language, of the efficacy of language in me? and my will wanted only what I had to want, then this could indeed be poetry without my knowledge and belief and couldn't it make understandable a secret of language? and thus I would truly be an author by vocation, for isn't an author after all only a language enthusiast?

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[17] Novalis, "Monolog," _Schriften_, ed. Richard Samuel (Stuttgart, 1960), II, 672-73.

GLOSSARY OF GERMAN EXPRESSIONS

This glossary is a list of words out of context. These words are neither univocal nor self-sufficient, but have interacted in the text with other words which emphasize or de-emphasize inherent connotations. Furthermore, one context has been weighed against another in the same or in a different work. What appeared to be a proper interpretation of a word has usually, on further reading, required revision. For this reason, many of the word choices listed in the glossary will be appreciated only after the reader has gained a thorough knowledge of the text.

Often revision centers around the sudden realization that the word in question is a variation of another more basic word. Compounds and derivatives that may have grown independent of their base in ordinary usage are therefore referred to that base in the hope that in this way suspected word plays will be seen to have a respectable foundation.

At no time should the entries in the glossary be considered either defining or definitive. Nor is the listing exhaustive in all cases, for it is a mistake to insist that a translator force a certain word choice into every context. Terminological consistency has probably been overdone as it is, in the interest of stability, but here more than ever the dangers of standardization are near at hand.

In the last analysis, a translation must stand or fall in its own language. The exigencies of an English construction may at times require a deliberate distortion of the German in one place, to be corrected later by a suitable counter-distortion. It is hoped however that the English itself is never distorted beyond comprehension.

ablesen		glean
Absage	(sagen)	abdication
Anbeginn		beginning; inauguration
Andrang	(drängen)	pressure
Anfang		inception
anfertigen	(fertiges)	manufacture
angehen	(gehen)	concern
Ansagen	(sagen)	indication
Anschauen	(schauen)	insight
ansichhalten		constrain oneself
Anstiftung	(stiften)	instigator
Anstoss	(stossen)	impact; incentive
Antlitz		intense outlook
anvertrauen		adapt
anwesen	(wesen)	to be present
aufbewahren	(bewahren)	preserve and substantiate
Aufgegebenes	(geben)	commitment
Aufgehen	(gehen)	emergence; ascension
aufragend	(Ragen)	expansive
aufruhen	(ruhen)	rest upon
Aufsichberuhen	(ruhen)	self-containment
aufstellen	(stellen)	build up
aufstossen	(stossen)	push up
Auseinander		discrimination
Auslegung	(belegen)	interpretation
Aussage	(sagen)	assertion
aussetzen	(setzen)	expose
auszeichnen	(Zeichnung)	delineate

befremdend (fremd)	alienating
begegnen (gegnen)	encounter
begreifen	comprehend
Begriff	conception
Begriffsgefüge	conceptual frame
behüten (hüten)	shelter
belebend	vitalizing
belegen	verify, document
Auslegung	interpretation
widerlegen	invalidate
Benennung	appellation
Bereich	domain, realm
bergen	bury, hide, conceal
Entbergen	unconcealment
Geborgenheit	concealment
Unverborgenheit	unconcealedness
beruhen (ruhen)	repose
besetzen (setzen)	beset
Besinnen (Sinn)	contemplation
Beständigkeit (stehen)	steadfastness
bestehen (stehen)	consist
bestimmen	define
bewahren	substantiate
Bewahrung	substantiation
aufbewahren	preserve and substantiate
Bewegen (Weg)	movement
Be-wëgung (Weg)	way-making movement
Bezeichnung (Zeichnen)	designation
Beziehung (Zug)	relationship
Bezug (Zug)	relational tension; concatenation

Bild	image
Bildnis	face
bisherig	hitherto prevalent
Böse	wrath, evil
Brauch	utilization; (man's) vocation
Gebrauch	employment
die Gebrauchten	the called ones (men)
Denken	thought
Denkweise	mode of thinking
Gedanke als Dank	thought as thanks (think-thank)
Nachdenken	afterthought
dichten	realize poetically
Dichtung	poetry in the broadest sense; the poetic work
Gedicht	Poem (of which the poetic work is part)
Dienlichkeit	serviceability
Ding, dinglich	thing, thingly
Dinghafte, Dingheit	thingliness, thing-being
drängen, Andrang	press, pressure
vordrängen	press forward
gedrängt	constrained
durchragen (Ragen)	expand throughout
Eigene	the inherent idiom
eigentümlich	(inherently) idiomatic
eigenwüchsige	indigenousness

eignen	implicate
Eignen	the power of implication
Ereignis	display (dis-plication)
ereignend	displicational
Vereignen	implication-by-explication
eindeutig	univocal
mehrdeutig	multi-significant, multi-meaningful
vieldeutig	equivocal
einen, Einheit	unify, unity
das Einende	the unifier
eingehen (gehen)	assimilate
Einklang (klingen)	harmony
einräumen (Raum)	interspace and concede
einrichten (richten)	intrench
Sicheinrichten	self-intrenchment
einrücken (entrücken)	draw into
einsam (sammeln)	consolidated
einsam sprechen	speak to itself
einsetzen (setzen)	impose
einzeichnen (Zeichnung)	inscribe
Entbergen (bergen)	unconcealment
entrücken (einrücken)	draw (oneself) out
Entschiedenheit (scheiden)	decisiveness
Ent-schlossenheit (verschlossen)	resolution
entsprechen (sprechen)	bespeak
Entwurf (werfen)	fore-cast
entziehen (Zug)	withdraw
Erde, Erdhafte	earth, earthiness (Gr.*physis*)
Ereignis (eignen)	display
erlauben (loben)	allow

Erläuterung	elucidation
Eröffnung (offen)	disclosure
erörtern, Erörterung (Ort)	determine, determination
Errichtung (richten)	raising
erstarren (Starre)	petrify
Erstellung (stellen)	erection
Ertragen	forebearance
Erzeugnis (Zeug)	artificial product
Erzeugen (unser eigenes)	human artifice
fertiges	finished (product)
Fertigsein (des Zeuges)	(manufactual) readiness
anfertigen	manufacture
Fest-stellen (stellen)	stabilizing
Finsternis	obfuscation
fortreissen (riss)	draw out
fragen nach	inquire after
fragwürdig	worth questioning
Frag-würdiges	something worthy of inquiry.
fremd, Fremdes	strange, stranger
Fremdling	alien
befremdend	alienating
Frühe	earliness
die frühere Frühe	primordium
Fuge	interplay
fügen	articulate
Gefüge	structure
Fügsame	adaptivity
Begriffsgefüge	conceptual frame
verfügbar	adaptable
zurückfügen	remit

geben, sich geben	give, yield itself
es gibt	there is; it yields
Aufgegebenes	commitment
Geborgenheit (bergen)	concealment
Gebrauch (Brauch)	employment
Gebrauchsdinge	usual, often used things
Gebrauchten	the called ones (men)
gedrängt (drängen)	constrained
Geflecht	complex
Gefüge (fügen)	structure, frame
Gegeneinander	drawing against one another
Gegenwendige	co-present turning upon one another; contractive (counteractive, contract-ive)
gegnen, Gegnerschaft	counter, contrariety
begegnen	encounter
mitgegnen	contrast
gehen	go
angehen	concern
Aufgehen	emergence; ascension
eingehen	assimilate
Uebergang	transcendence
Uebersichhinausgehen	self-transcendence
Untergang	descent
geheuer (ungeheuer)	comfortably familiar
gehören in (hören)	be comprehended in
Geist, geistlich	ghost, ghostly
geistig	mental
Geistlichkeit	spirituality
Gelichtete (Lichtung)	lighted area

Gemüt		disposition
zumuten		impose upon
Schwermut		depression
Geräumigkeit	(Raum)	spaciousness
Geschaffensein	(schaffen)	createdness
geschehen		move into the moment
Geschehen der Wahrheit		moment of truth
Geschehnis der Wahrheit		momentousness of truth
Geschichte		momentous history
geschichtlich		historically momentous
Geschlecht	(Schlag) (werfen)	(the human) cast (with all its subcasts, race, family, sex)
Gesetz	(setzen)	setting; law (a law is laid down, a Gesetz is set down)
Gestalt		Gestalt, configuration
Ge-stell	(stellen)	stabilization; standardization
gewahren	(bewahren)	sustain
gewähren	(währen)	confer
Gewirktes	(Werk)	something worked
Gewöhnliche		the familiar
Geworfenheit	(werfen)	the apportioned cast
Glanz		splendor
Grund		ground, foundation
Gründen		founding
Grundriss	(Riss)	the drawing of the basic pattern
Grundzug	(Zug)	fundamental tension; ground swell

Handwerker	artisan
heilig	holy
Herkunft	source
herstellen (stellen)	turn out
hervorbringen	bring forth
hervorkommend	forthcoming
hervorstellen (stellen)	expose
Hinblick (Vorblick)	hindsight
hineinschaffen (schaffen)	incorporate
Historie (geschehen)	(chronological) history
hören	apprehend, listen
gehören in	be comprehended in
hüten	husband
behüten	shelter

Innigkeit	(assembled) intensity, intimacy
Insichruhende (ruhen)	self-containment
Insichstehen (stehen)	autonomy
instandsetzen (stehen, setzen)	put in a position

klingen	ring; sound
Einklang	harmony
Kunst, Kunstwerk	art; work of art

lassend	amenable
lässig	lazy
leise	leisurely
Leitfaden	guideline
Leuchten	illumination

Lichtung	clearing
Gelichtete	lighted area
loben	laud
erlauben	allow

Mannigfaltigkeit	manifold
einfältige Zwiefalt	manifold unity
Mass	proportion, measure, standard
Unmass	misproportion
zumessen	apportion
mehrdeutig (eindeutig)	multi-meaningful, multi-significant
Milde	mitigation
mitgegnen (gegnen)	contrast

Nachdenken (denken)	afterthought
Nachsagen, nachsagend (sagen)	dedication, dedicatively
nachsetzen (setzen)	dispose toward
Neige, Neigung	inclination
Nichtaussetzen (setzen)	incessancy

offen, Offene	open, the open, openness
offenbar	revealed
Offenheit	openness, revelation
Eröffnung	disclosure
Ort, Ortschaft	topic, topography
der versammelnde Ort	terminal
das Weisen in den Ort	come to terms with a topic
erörtern, Erörterung	determine, determination

Poesie (dichten)	poesy (poetry in the narrower sense, the literary poem)
Ragen	projection
aufragend	expansive
durchragen	expand throughout
zum Ragen kommen	assert oneself
Raum	space
einräumen	interspace and concede
Beräumigkeit	spaciousness
Spielraum	field of play
rechnerisch	calculating
Regende	the evocative power
richtigkeit	correctness
einrichten	intrench
Errichtung	raising
sich richten	cor-rect oneself
Riss, reissen	drawing out; delineation (write)
Aufreissen	drawing open
Aufriss	drawing up
fortreissen	draw out
Grundriss	the drawing of the basic pattern
Rückriss	drawing back
zusammenreissen	draw together
Ruhe	repose, containment, peace
ruhen	rest
beruhen	repose
aufruhen	rest upon
rühmen	celebrate

Sage, sagen	saying (and showing), say
Sagen	diction
Absage	abdication
Ansagen	indication
Versagen	invisibility (failure to show itself)
sammeln (sanft)	assemble
innige Sammlung	assembled intensity
einsam	consolidated; solitary
einsam sprechen	speak to itself
Versammlung	assemblage
der versammelnde Ort	terminal
sanft (sammeln)	composed; soothing
schaffen, Schaffen	create, creativity
Geschaffensein	createdness
hineinschaffen	incorporate
Schauen	vision
Anschauen	insight
scheiden	part
Abgeschiedenheit	departure
Entschiedenheit	decisiveness
Scheinen	brilliance
schenken	bestow
Schlag	course, stamp
schlagen	strike, stamp
einschlagen	strike out (in a direction or along a course)
Geschlecht	(the human) cast (with all its subcasts: race, family, sex)
Schönheit	beauty (sheen)
schweigend	taciturn

Schwere	pressure
Schwermut (Gemüt)	depression
schwingen	oscillate
Sein	Being
Seiende	existant
setzen	set (Greek thesis)
aussetzen	expose
besetzen	beset
einsetzen	impose
Gesetz	setting; law
Ins-Werk-setzen	setting into work
nachsetzen	dispose toward
Nichtaussetzen	incessancy
versetzen	transpose
voraussetzen	presuppose
Sinn	sense
sinnen	sense; contemplate; ponder
besinnen	contemplation
wahnsinnig	insensate
das empfindungsmässig Vernommene	sense perceptions
Spielraum	field of play
Widerspiel	interplay
sprechen	speak
Sprache	language
Spruch	dictum
besprechen	bespeak
Zuspruch	exhortation
Sprung	spring
Ursprung	origin
Vorsprung	anticipation

ständig (stehen)	steady
standort	station
Inständigkeit	in-stancy
Beständigkeit	steadfastness
Starre	starkness and stare
stehen	stand
Innestehen	standing in; in-stance
ausstehend	out-standing
Ausstehen	exposure
zum Stehen bringen	station
stellen	stabiling
aufstellen	build up
Erstellung	erection
Fest-stellen	stabilizing
Ge-stell	stabilization; standardization
Herstellung	turning out
hervorstellen	expose
verstellen	displace
zurückstellen	set into
stiften, Stiftung	institute, institution
Anstiftung	instigator
Stoff, Stoffliche	matter, material
stossen	push
Anstoss	impact; incentive
aufstossen	push up
umstossen	push over
Streit	contention
Urstreit	primordial contention

Übergang (gehen)	transcendence
übertreibend	overextending
Umgrenzung	delimitation
Umriss (Riss)	circumscription, circumscribed, configuration
umstossen (stossen)	push over
ungeheuer (geheuer)	uncomfortably spectacular
Unmass (Mass)	misproportion
Untergang (gehen)	descent
Unterlage	substratum
unterwegs, Unterwegs (Weg)	underway, transition
Unverborgenheit (bergen)	unconcealedness (Greek *alētheia*, truth)
unverstellt (stellen)	undistorted
Unwirkliche (Werk)	fictive unreality
Ursprung (Sprung)	origin
Ursprünglichkeit	initiative
Urstreit	primordial contention
Vereignen (eignen)	implication-by-explication
Verfall	disintegration
verfügbar (fügen)	adaptable
Verhalten, Verhältnis	bearing
verhüllt	hidden, veiled, concealed, enclosed, sheltered, enveloped
Verlässlichkeit	dependability
Versagen (sagen)	invisibility (failure to show itself)
Versammlung (sammeln)	assemblage
verschlossen	retentive
sich verschliessend	self-retaining
Ent-schlossenheit	resolution

versetzen (setzen)	transpose
verstellen (stellen)	displace
Verweigerung	resistance
verweilen	abide
Verwesung	decomposure
vieldeutig (eindeutig)	equivocal
voraussetzen (setzen)	presuppose
Vorblick (Hinblick)	foresight
vordrängen (drängen)	press forward
vorhanden	available
vor-läufig	precursory
Vorsprung (Sprung)	anticipation
Vorstellung (stellen)	preconception, conception, representation
wahnsinnig (Sinn)	insensate
währen	bear
gewähren	confer
Wahrheit	truth
walten	reign, hold sway
Weg	way
Bewegen	movement
Be-wëgung	way-making movement
unterwegs	underway
Unterwegs	transition
weihen	sanctify
Weise	way, manner; guise
weisen	point, point out
wesentliche Weisung	essential direction
Weisung	pointer
Welt	world

Werden	bringing about
werfen	cast
Wurf	the proportioned cast
Entwurf	fore-cast
Geworfenheit	the apportioned cast
zuwerfen	apportion
Werk (wirklich)	work (Greek *ergon*)
Werkhafte	workliness
Wesen	essence
Wesende	essential orientation
Wesensfolge	essential corollary
Wesenszug	essential trait
anwesen	to be present
Widerlegen (belegen)	invalidate
Widerspiel (Spiel)	interplay
Wink	hint
wirklich (Werk)	working and actual
Wirklichkeit	working actuality
Wirkung	workability (of the work)
Unwirkliche	fictive unreality
wissen	see and know (vision, wit, wisdom, etc.)
Wollen	volition
Wurf (werfen)	the proportioned cast

Zeichen	sign
Zeichnung	delineation
Bezeichnung	designation
Zeige	indicant
zeigen	show
Zeug	artifact
Zeughafte	artifactuality
Zeugsein	artifactual being
Zeugnis	corroborating fact
Erzeugnis	artificial product
Erzeugen (unser eigenes)	human artifice
Zug zum Werk	tendency toward the work
Beziehung	relationship
Bezug	relational tension; concatenation
entziehen	withdraw
Grundzug	fundamental tension
Wesenszug	essential trait
zurückziehen	withdraw
zumessen (Mass)	apportion
zumuten (Gemüt)	impose upon
zurückstellen (stellen)	set into
Zuruf	summons
Zuspruch (sprechen)	exhortation
zuwerfen (werfen)	apportion
Zwiefalt, einfältige	manifold unity
Zwietracht	divergency

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